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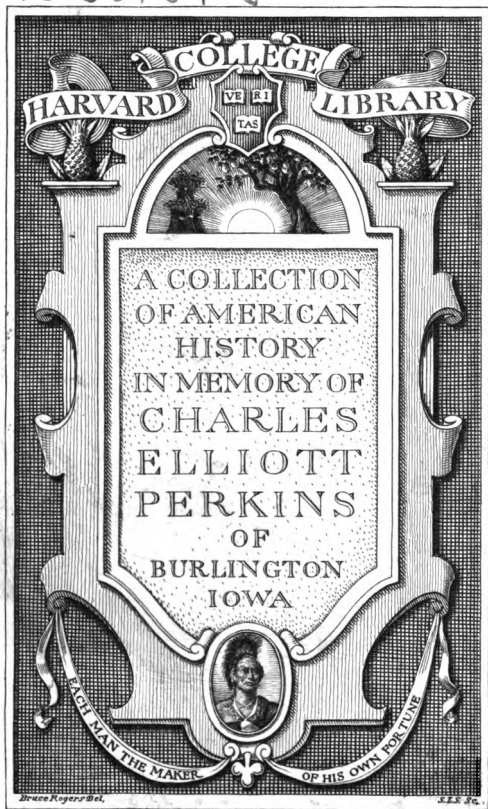
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# PIONEER DAYS

THE LIFE STORY  
OF  
GERSHOM AND ELIZABETH DAY

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## PIONEER DAYS

*Fiction, however beautiful, is but fancy ; tradition, however entertaining, is uncertain ; but history, however commonplace, has elements of helpfulness*





ELIZABETH DAY.

NOTE.—No picture of Mr. Day exists, hence its omission in this volume.

BY  
W. F. D. FROWBLED

THE INSTITUTE OF

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W. F. D. FROWBLED

AMERICAN BAPTIST CHURCH

CHICAGO

FRIDAY, 1904

1905



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# PIONEER DAYS

THE LIFE-STORY  
OF  
GERSHOM AND ELIZABETH DAY

BY  
M. E. D. TROWBRIDGE

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WITH INTRODUCTION

BY  
Z. GRENELL, D. D.

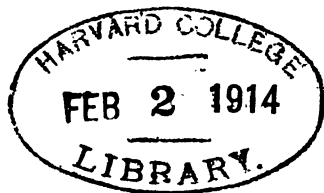
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## EPITOME

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*Mr. and Mrs. Day settled in Michigan in 1836, the year in which it was admitted into the Union. Mr. Day believed he had a mission to weak and struggling churches, and Mrs. Day was equally impressed that in the new country she could share and promote his useful labors by maintaining their home. The following pages illustrate, by sample sketches rather than in biographic detail, how their purpose was carried out. These sketches are culled from a large mass of material furnished by diaries and carefully preserved correspondence*

*M. E. D. T.*

**GERSHOM BULKLEY DAY**  
Born 1804—Died 1852

**ELIZABETH BENJAMIN DAY**  
Born 1806—Died 1891

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## INTRODUCTION

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To bring to light and keep in view the quiet heroisms that years ago laid the firm and broad foundations of our common comfort, culture, and wealth ; to inspire, in an age not distinguished for reverence, a proper veneration for the humble men and women whose simple fidelity to God and love to men adorned and dignified the limited spheres to which they were assigned ; to show the present generation at what cost the large advantages they enjoy have been obtained, and thus induce a grateful appreciation and sober use and increase of them ; such a record as the following pages contain must be well worthy of attention.

These unostentatious recitals properly reflect the spirit of the sturdy man and woman to whom they relate. They picture without artificial coloring, in the almost sombre tints that truthfully belong to them, the ways of the pioneers, who amid great hardships, yet with adequate fortitude and perseverance, planted a Christian civilization in the wilderness. There is no need of heightened description or extended encomium to make

the lives here portrayed seem beautiful. For him who knows how to appreciate the plain and touching facts of this narrative, there falls a light on the brown hands, the furrowed faces, the bent forms, and the silvered hair, which makes them all conspicuous and attractive as the finest writing could not.

The reader will recognize the native dignity of the subject. In this story of the Baptist preacher and his wife who came to Michigan because they believed it needed them, of their devotion to that high purpose of doing good to others, of the minute economies to which they were constrained, of the tested and proved facility of adaptation to their hard conditions, of the sudden and tragic ending of the one life and the graceful, gradual, meditative termination of the other—in all this there is nothing small or insignificant; for in it all there are ever present, as controlling forces, fine affections, noble aims, generous self-sacrifice, and heavenly faith.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Z. GRENNELL.

DETROIT, March 1, 1895.

# PIONEER DAYS

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## I

### PREPARATIONS

Conversion—Call to the Ministry—Studies—Marriage

GERSHOM B. DAY, son of Captain Jacob Day and Abigail Bulkley, was born in Berkshire County, Massachusetts. His early experiences have been told by himself as follows :

“When thirteen years of age I heard a sermon that awakened my conscience. I endeavored to conceal my emotion, but returned home with a wounded spirit. My mother asked the cause of my grief. I answered, ‘Nothing.’ Later she repeated the inquiry, and Peter-like I again denied, but at length confessed that I felt myself a sinner.

“Several days passed and I found no relief. The doors of heaven seemed locked against me. I walked among the cattle in the field, and envied them their happiness : they had no souls, and I wished that I were like them. I read my Bible and it seemed to condemn me, and I cried, ‘Oh



wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death.'

"I visited a Presbyterian minister and asked him how he learned to approach God. Said he: 'If you want bread, you ask your mother.' 'Yes,' I replied; 'I can see her, but I cannot see God; and I do not know how to approach a being whom I cannot see; and how can I love a being whom I do not know?' The pastor explained the omniscience and omnipresence of God, and said: 'He knows how much you wish to know him and serve him.'

"The thought that God possibly knew my thoughts comforted me. I tried to pray more earnestly and to exercise greater faith. He quoted the promise, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'; 'Seek, and ye shall find.'

"On my way home, light illumined my mind and my soul was filled with joy. The grass, the trees, the clouds, the sky looked glorious. I sang aloud for joy. I was in a new world. The Bible was a precious book, and prayer was the delight of my soul.

"I made a public profession of religion, uniting with the Presbyterian church, in which communion I remained ten years.

"One Sunday I aided in singing at the water-side when a young brother followed his Lord in

baptism. It was an impressive ordinance, and I immediately asked myself, 'Have I been baptized?' I determined to do my whole duty, God helping me. I visited my pastor. He tried to convince me that baptism was a mere form and of little importance. I prayed :

" Lord, if I am right, help me in the right to stay ;  
Lord, if I am wrong, teach me the better way.

" I became more and more convinced that I was not obeying my Lord, and at length, in the presence of many witnesses, I dedicated myself anew in the solemn burial with Christ in baptism.

" I desired at once to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation ; but what could an illiterate boy, without money, do toward a preparation ? ' Lord, help me,' I said. ' Open the way, and I will walk in it.' The decision was made, and October 29, 1826, with all my worldly possessions tied up in a little blue cotton handkerchief, I left home to seek preparation for usefulness as a minister of the gospel. I was filled with wonder and astonishment at the goodness of God, as he led me into green pastures and beside still waters. I arrived at Hamilton, New York, June 27, 1827."

In after years Mr. Day remarked : " The pecuniary hardships of those school years I cannot repeat. My diet for weeks was potatoes and salt ; no bread, no butter. My companions were Indus-

try, Economy, and Perseverance." He left Hamilton (now Colgate University) in 1832, having incurred an indebtedness of nearly one hundred and fifteen dollars, which he had borrowed of the Baptist Education Society of the State of New York. His carefully kept accounts showed how this sum was made up. How this debt was paid will appear later.

During his vacations Mr. Day turned his attention to various pursuits, the most lucrative being teaching singing school. He had classes in Whitehall, New York, and surrounding towns. It was at one of these singing schools he first met Elizabeth Benjamin, who afterward became his wife.

## II

### OFF FOR THE WEST

Beginnings in Vermont—Tarryings in New York—Locating in Michigan—Hard Times—Prayer and Answer—Preaching Circuit—Niles

STUDENT life done, Mr. Day and Miss Benjamin were married. They made their home first in Middletown, Vermont. But soon the young pastor felt impelled to engage in missionary work in the West. Embarking at Troy, New York, on a canal boat, they traversed the entire length of the Empire State by this slow and easy method. At that time the Erie Canal was regarded as one of the shining proofs of the progressiveness of the age. Approaching Buffalo our voyagers were startled to learn that small-pox was prevailing at that place. Fearing to encounter the dreaded disease, they tarried for a time at Knowlesville, and there and at Albion Mr. Day engaged in pastoral work.

When they were ready to resume their journey westward, a colony was ready to go with them, their destination being Michigan. Sherman (now Sturgis), in the southwestern part of the new State, was the point chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Day

for their home. Near the village they "entered land," as the expression was for registering an application at the government land office for a specific lot, thus securing the first right of purchase against all other applicants.

Soon the new-comers were confronted with depressing conditions. The current of emigration from east to west was very strong about that time, and a good many more people came into southern Michigan than the country was then prepared to sustain. Provisions were limited and costly. Wheat commanded two and a half dollars a bushel, and other necessities of life were sold on a proportionate scale.

Other trials followed. The next summer, 1837, sickness prevailed to an alarming extent, often proving fatal. Ague was the pest of the new country, whose rich soil was charged with malaria, and when intermittent fever was added to it, as in the instance now referred to, the pest became a pestilence. In that sparsely settled region Mr. Day attended fourteen funerals in as many weeks. Among these was that of his own father, at whose burial only two of the neighbors were able to assist, so general was the sickness.

In 1838, however, the land began to recompense the labors of the settlers. The crops were good, but the facilities for transportation were so defective that they could not be advantageously

marketed, consequently there was little money to be had for the products of the farms, while the prices of manufactured articles were exorbitant. Nails were twenty cents a pound. Eighty bushels of corn were exchanged for a barrel of salt. Pork, carted to Detroit, one hundred and fifty miles away, sold for two and a half dollars a hundred. Wheat, carried to Hillsdale, fifty miles distant, brought "two-and-six" (thirty-one cents) a bushel.

The stringency of the times was keenly felt in the little home of the Baptist missionary, whose patch of land gave but a slender support. Provisions and money ran out. There came a time when the last dollar was spent and Mr. and Mrs. Day sat looking stern want and each other in the face.

"What shall we do?" was the question simultaneously asked; and each answered the other simultaneously, "Let us go to God."

All night they prayed. In the early dawn, as they sat looking toward the rising sun in sorrowing suspense, they saw a horse and buggy approaching the house from the distance. A woman was driving. She stopped before the door, then entered with money in her hand to pay in advance for the services of Mrs. Day's needle, which she had come to engage. Thus did prompt relief come in answer to prayer. The brightness of that

morning never faded from their memory, and the cheerful confidence that "the Lord will provide" was never afterward overshadowed by doubt.

For several years Mr. Day preached for the various churches in the vicinity. The Sturgis Church was organized in his own house, and for some time all its services were held there. The following letter, written in April, 1843, to Mrs. Day, while he was out upon one of his voluntary preaching circuits, shows how he covered the ground. The remotest point named in the letter was not less than fifty miles from his home :

I left Constantine about an hour after you did, and rode to Baldwin's Prairie, where I preached in the evening to a large assembly. The next day I went to Bro. Miller's, and preached that evening in Mason. The next day I went to Edwardsburg and then to Berrien and attended covenant meeting; on Sunday morning to Niles, and preached three times in the Methodist meeting-house. Notice has been given that I will spend the week in Niles and vicinity, visiting and preaching, and will occupy the pulpit again next Sunday. If the Lord will, I shall do so.

The following extract from the records of the Niles Church revives the recollection of the student's debt, and at the same time shows the rate of compensation that early ministers accepted from the churches they served.

April 29, 1843. Resolution passed that we hire for a year Elder Day as pastor, and pay him one hundred and fourteen dollars and cancel his school debt of one hundred and fourteen dollars and sixty-nine cents, incurred in the Hamilton Institute.

The following letter appeared in the Michigan "Christian Herald" soon after :

DEAR BRO. TEN BROOK : The undersigned has accepted a call from the Baptist church in Niles, and entered upon his labors. The church numbers twenty-four, and is very much scattered. The principal embarrassment, however, rises from the want of a suitable place to worship. The church will make an effort to build a house fifty by thirty-two feet. A good location is offered on condition that the house is built immediately. The timber is furnished by two of the brethren, another will furnish the siding; but where the other materials, which cost money, are to come from they know not. There is not another Baptist minister in Berrien County. Van Buren County lies north and has not a Baptist minister in it. There is a church there of twenty members. Constantine and Centerville, in St. Joseph County, are pastorless.

Yours in the bonds of love,

GERSHOM B. DAY.

In view of the poverty of the people and the effort to build a meeting-house, it was decided to apply for aid to the American Baptist Home Mis-



sion Society. The following additional notes appear in the application :

. Niles is located on the St. Joseph River, about fifty miles from its mouth. The river is navigable for small steamers most of the year. The village contains between eight and nine hundred inhabitants, and is surrounded on the north, east, and south by a rich farming country, and on the west by the Indian Reservation, on which are yet seen the desolate walls of the old Carey mission-house.

There are in the village one Presbyterian, one Episcopal, one Methodist, and one Free-will Baptist church. The last named has no preaching. The Roman Catholics hold service every Sabbath. It is thought our congregation would equal any in the village had we a house of worship. Accordingly, the church asks your society for an appropriation of one hundred dollars.

While Mr. Day was rendering the Niles Church the year's service to which he had bound himself, Mrs. Day was maintaining the home at Sturgis, more than forty miles to the east. The following letter from Mr. Day to his wife shows the first steps by which he was led to new and arduous toils in a far journey for the solicitation of funds :

NILES, Aug. 1, 1843.

DEAR E. : I am not sick, but this is to inform you that I expect to attend the Michigan Baptist State Convention at Ann Arbor. It meets one

week from to-day. To reach there I shall be obliged to start in the night, passing through Sturgis probably a little before daylight. You can ascertain through Postmaster Buck what time the stage gets in from the west. I shall not be able to come home, so this is to request you to meet me with as nice a stock as you please.

Nothing could be more unexpected to me, but the church feel that I ought to go to New York and Boston and lay the needs of this new country before the churches. They advise that I attend the State Convention, and if the brethren there concur in this opinion I shall probably go.

Last Sunday morning I preached in the Methodist church to a large assembly. To-morrow I go to Pipestone, where I preach and baptize and attend the communion service in the forenoon. In the afternoon I return here in time for service.

The first four words in the above letter remind us that those were times of expensive postage, and letter-writing was too costly to be indulged unless sickness or some equally important matter warranted the outlay. The reference to the "stock" will be understood when it is remembered that stocks were then worn almost universally in place of neckties. Mrs. Day added to the resources of the family by her skill and taste in making stocks, which she sold. Mr. Day wished to be presentable at the convention.

### III

#### A TOUR OF THE EAST

Going Begging—Cleveland, Rochester, Albany, New York—A Glimpse of Home—Providence and Its Good People—Thrilling News—Generous Boston—Philadelphia and the Triennial Convention—At Home Again—A Successful Tour—Report

**F**EW undertakings were less welcome to pioneer preachers of the West than that of going East to solicit funds to help their feeble churches build houses of worship. The long separation and the fatigue of constant travel, added to the disagreeable task of "begging," rendered such work very trying. Upon such a mission Mr. Day set out. His course may be followed by the following extracts from his correspondence :

CLEVELAND, Aug. 14, 1843.

I reached this place on Saturday morning and preached yesterday afternoon. Governor Barry sent me five letters to distinguished men in Albany and New York, one to Governor Van Buren.

The Board of the State Convention advised this trip; also seconded the application to the Home Mission Society. The president of the convention, O. C. Comstock, and others signed a general letter of appeal to the churches.

The brethren in Cleveland treated me coldly at

first. I was evidently an unwelcome visitor. They did not wish my mission presented publicly, but after I preached, a number of persons, white and black, made themselves known. The latter detained me for half an hour shaking hands. I had said to one of them, "How do you do, brother?" "Hear dat!" said one to another; "go shake hands wid 'im."

Bro. Hamlin, of Jackson, on similar business, preceded me, also Bro. Fulton, of Tecumseh, without success. They advised me to return to Michigan. I replied: "Having put my hand to the plow I cannot look back. I must try." They have as large a church as any in the city and a fine organ; but they are in debt three thousand dollars on that house. The same is true of the church in Detroit.

The envelope shows that the postage on the above letter came to thirty-eight cents. From Cleveland the course was eastward. From Bristol, south of Rochester, New York, the next letter came, bearing date Sept. 6:

Progress is slow. I visited Rochester and collected fifty-four dollars; Penfield, twenty dollars. I can do nothing without preaching and stating facts.

I wish I could give you some of the pears just brought into my room. Apples, pears, and plums are very plentiful here. As a farming country, western New York is as good as it ever will be. Fences are poor and rail timber scarce. Stone and boards are eagerly used for fencing.

I have traveled about six hundred miles now, and have found the Saviour's words fulfilled, "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive a hundredfold" (Mark 10 : 29, 30). Dear Elizabeth, take time for the cultivation of the heart; live humbly, and pray much.

I go to see a rich old man this afternoon. It rains hard, but I shall go all the same.

Six weeks later we hear of our solicitor at Albany, whence he writes as follows. It is interesting to see how the various churches are photographed in these letters:

ALBANY, Oct. 21, 1843.

I spent a week in Troy, raised upward of thirty dollars, and bought one hundred and eleven dollars' worth of hardware, nails, lead, oil, etc., for the meeting-house, and shipped them to Niles. In Albany I have collected fifty dollars, but am not through yet. It is very discouraging business, but I am in it, and the only way out is to go ahead.

The sisters of Pearl Street Church are looking after my wardrobe. They have given me a new camlet cloak and traveling bag. The young ladies had a sewing-bee yesterday and requested me to attend and give a history of our journey west, with a description of the new country. They were surprised that we had slept out of doors, with wild beasts prowling around, kept at bay by the blazing fire of logs.

I have preached in all the churches, and believe good has been done. Be of good cheer! I think it is the Lord's work. You cannot know how homesick I am. It is snowing fast. Eight hundred miles separate me from home, and there are many more before me.

Let us see how he fares in the larger city at the other end of the Hudson River. He writes from New York under date of Nov. 11 :

Last Sabbath I preached three times in different parts of the city. Sister Kincaid, of Burma, was at one of the meetings. Bro. Bellamy encouraged me by saying, "I shall baptize many converts who will date their conviction to your plain presentation of the gospel." Members of the congregation often weep aloud during the services.

Nearly a month passes before we hear from him again. From the last sentence in the letter that follows it is evident that he has not been idle, if indeed, the first part does not show that he has worked beyond his strength :

December 4.

I have been confined to the house six days with a cold. In fact, I was completely worn out, preaching and talking so much. I am much better now.

The Young Men's Missionary Society of the Stanton Street Church has given fifteen dollars for our work, and the church ten dollars.

My home is with Deacon Jonas B. Price, 302

Hudson Street, an English family, and one of the most agreeable I have ever met. I have a room to myself, with books and a fire. I am writing this at Cousin Mason Noble's, where I was obliged to keep my bed over Sunday—the first Sunday I have lost since I left home ; but this was not lost, for I was able to read and to meditate upon the goodness of God. . . Notwithstanding I seem to get along slowly, I have deposited for the work in the Bank of New York two hundred and seventy-six dollars.

It is time that we have a glimpse of the life at home. In the following letter, which reached Mr. Day in New York, the thrifty wife draws the picture of her varied and vigilant industry with admirable distinctness. The stockmaker has become tailoress, as well as overseer of the little farm and general financier.

It is after twelve o'clock at night. Since the family went to bed I have cut out a coat and vest. You wonder how I learned? I ripped old ones and cut patterns of every part. Now all I have to do is to calculate a little larger or a little smaller, according to the size of the person. I shall be very busy for a while, as I have promised the work at a given time and I must keep my word.

I had to hire help to secure the fall crops (six shillings a day). The wheat crop was fairly good, and I sold it at fifty cents a bushel. If it had not been for the eighty-dollar note I should have

gotten along well ; but I had also to raise a hundred dollars to clear the land. In order to do this I was obliged to sell the clock and the buggy. These, with the sewing I have engaged, meet all present obligations.

You ask what I most need. In wearing apparel I need nothing more than a shawl. And when you come home if you could bring a few oysters they would taste pretty good.

The foregoing letter brought out the following. Mr. Day's forgetfulness of so important an item in the domestic economies as an eighty-dollar note would seem to indicate that the business ability of the family was not on his side of the house.

NEW YORK, 241 Madison Ave., Dec. 16.

I am at the house of Deacon Robert Edwards, about a mile east of Bro. Price's. This is my other home while here. Your letter of November 27 is just at hand. It was about twenty days on the way. The very sight of it drew tears from my eyes before it was opened. But how thankful we ought to be to God for all his benefits ! I am greatly troubled that you have so much to do, but very thankful that you do it so well. I had entirely forgotten that eighty-dollar note.

I wish I could bring the oysters. They are too common here to be a luxury. They all say it would be impossible to take them so far, but I shall try.

From New York we follow our missionary to Providence, where the next letter is written.



What honor is reflected on the memory of the late Dr. Dowling and his kind wife by the references to them in this letter, now fifty years old! And President Wayland is seen in his genuine nobility as he gives courteous attention to the humble Baptist minister from the West.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 20, 1844.

The Lord is still prospering me. I received in New London, Conn., two hundred dollars. When I came here I called on Elder John Dowling, who went with me to Pawtucket and introduced me to Elder David Benedict, with whom I had had previous correspondence. I preached three times on Sunday and received twenty-three dollars. Yesterday (Monday) I returned to this place. Sister Dowling is doing my washing. She sends much love to you. I preached last evening to a large audience, and preach again to-night.

President Wayland, of Brown University, invited me to tea. I had a most delightful visit. There are about one hundred and sixty students in the school.

Under all conditions I enjoy preaching: if they are God's children they will pray the truth home; and if they are not Christians they cannot be warned too often or too solemnly.

And now we will hear from home again. The versatile wife has two surprises for us—a new and profitable accomplishment gained and a great danger providentially averted. She writes:

We have had plenty to do, but by exchange of

work and by sewing I have paid all expenses. I have sold six dollars' worth of stocks at Tisdale's, traded a part of it and took a due-bill for the balance. I have a great many stocks engaged, and my supply of bombazine is getting low. Very little money is moving; everything is trade.

I have bleached five bonnets this week, so you see I have added millinery to my other activities. I wash the bonnets in a solution of buttermilk, bleach with brimstone, stiffen and press, and they are as good as new.

I have done one very foolish thing. I made a bargain with James<sup>1</sup> to do certain work if he would put up the posts for a grape arbor. My part was to burn several piles of brush which were in his way. There was a strong wind from the east, and I was a little afraid to fire them, but I hoped by watching to do it safely. I raked the dry grass from around the first pile and went to the second. It blazed furiously, but I looked after it, and it soon burned quietly. Then I went farther on. As I looked back it seemed to have taken a fresh start, so I asked James to look after it. He walked slowly, and I concluded it was all right until I saw him run. Then I ran, and when I got there the fire was in the fence. I never saw anything spread like it. We carried water until we had emptied every barrel, and then thought of the pond; but in less time than it takes to write it the fire was in the straw roof of the south stable. Men saw the blaze and smoke a mile away, and came running. They thought it was the house. Neighbor Langrick was greatly frightened, for

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<sup>1</sup> Deacon James Wren.

his wheat is stored in our chamber. He ran upstairs the first thing, and commenced pawing in the grain, and the neighbors thought he was crazy. It seems he had hidden two hundred and fifty dollars in the bin. The smoke was so dense it seemed for a time impossible to get the horses out of the barn, but we did. I could not see the house because of the smoke, and I feared to look lest it might be a mass of flames. All at once the blaze from the stable rose in a great sheet of flame, sweeping away the smoke and rising above the roof of the house. I stopped a moment and gave up all for lost, and then I called upon God to save. Almost immediately the wind subsided, the fire was subdued, and the neighbors said, "It is a miracle!" Very little damage was done. Even the horse shed was not consumed—only the straw roof. If ever I thanked God, it was then.

It will be readily believed that this letter thrilled the absent husband with sympathy and admiration. It is no wonder that he had recourse to the language of inspiration to find adequate expression of his feelings. The excellent woman of the book of Proverbs is his most intimate earthly friend. Thus he writes:

After I dismissed the meeting in Jewett City, I read your letter for the benefit of several young men who think of going West. It will give them an idea of the hardships of frontier life. I read it also at a wedding party in New York. As a result I have a present for you of a black shawl.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price

is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. . . She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth him food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field" and cleareth it. Her candle goeth not out by night. She maketh fine stocks, coats, and bonnets, and delivereth them to merchantmen. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed. Her husband also praiseth her—in short, many daughters have done virtuously, but Elizabeth excelleth them all.

GERSHOM.

Next we find our Michigan preacher in Boston, where he makes the round of the churches and finds courteous treatment at the hands of the honored pastors. Notice the names of men revered and conspicuous in Baptist history illuminating the following letter :

BOSTON, April 15, 1844.

In this city I have met a most cordial reception. Have preached in Tremont Temple, Bro. Colver's; in the First Church, Bro. Neal's; in the Bowdoin Square, Bro. Cushman's; in the Baldwin Place, Bro. Baron Stow's; in Charles Street, Dr. Sharpe's; in Chelsea and Medford. I trust much missionary zeal has been awakened. I have received in Boston two hundred dollars for mission-

ary work in Michigan. Some have sent gifts by letter, some have placed in my hand a coin when extending a greeting or saying good-bye. Bro. Knapp is holding protracted meetings here. I preached for him last Saturday, and three times yesterday.

The stay in Boston was as brief as it was satisfactory. We hear from him next in Philadelphia, whence he writes under date of April 26, 1844, as follows :

On the 22d inst. I left Boston at 5 P. M. A large number of the brethren and sisters came to the cars to see me off. I have never fallen in with a more loving and generous people. Since coming here thirteen dollars and fifty cents has been forwarded from Boston. The brethren all advised that I attend the Triennial Convention in session here. It is the largest convocation they have ever had. I was invited to speak and many seemed interested. I attribute much of my success to faithful prayers at home. I cannot think of God's goodness to us without great emotion and thankfulness.

Lilacs and fruit trees are in full bloom. Everything is attractive to the eye, but I long to see our humble little home in the edge of the woods.

His longing was gratified after a short time. He had been absent from home about nine months when he returned from his laborious and successful tour of the East. He had raised one thousand

dollars for the church in Niles, besides furnishings and books for the Sunday-school. His report to the Home Mission Society, under date of July 1, 1844, contains the following :

We hope to have the meeting-house finished by November. Meanwhile I preach half the time in Berrien, our county seat, ten miles north.

The Baptist church of Niles is virtually the Baptist church of Berrien County, as the members live in Niles, Bertrand, Bainbridge, Pipestone, St. Joseph, and Mission Reserve (where McCoy has his Indian school)—six towns. At Berrien the people are unusually desirous of having Baptist preaching.

I was at St. Joseph (at the mouth of the river) last week. It contains about five hundred inhabitants. There is no church in the place. A steamboat runs between this place and Chicago every twelve hours. One of the brethren told me that he would board a minister a year, and an ungodly man who has a Baptist wife said he would give a hundred dollars toward the erection of a Baptist meeting-house. The field is white, ready to harvest, and we mourn that a good Baptist minister cannot be found to go there.

## IV

### ANOTHER SOLICITING TOUR

A Year's Ministry—The Appeal of Sturgis—Mrs. Day Decides—At Schenectady—Springfield and Hartford—Many Solicitors in the Field—Visiting His Native Town—A Letter from Home—In Connecticut

THE meeting-house in Niles was completed, dedicated, paid for, and Mr. Day devoted himself to the large parish—a whole county and parts of two others—of which Niles was but the center. In manifold labors a year passed after his return from his soliciting tour, when he was again summoned to the unwelcome and exhausting task of gathering funds in the East to help a struggling church in southwestern Michigan. The home church at Sturgis was trying to build a place of worship and had become embarrassed for lack of funds. Mr. Day's signal success in his Eastern trip for the Niles Church suggested that he be asked to repeat the service in behalf of the church in Sturgis. The trustees wrote to him Aug. 27, 1845:

We are greatly troubled for money. All in this place have done more than could be reasonably asked, and we have been obliged to hire several

hundred dollars. The trustees hope you will go East in behalf of this struggling church. If you do, lay the plain facts before them. We know of no possible way to raise money to pay that already hired without distress and loss of private property ; and it will be impossible to complete the house.

Mr. Day shrank from the proposed undertaking. His previous success had been noised abroad, and many worthy ministers had been encouraged thereby to imitate his example, and churches in the East were growing less and less willing to listen to appeals of this nature. Thus the work would be more trying and the issue of it more doubtful than before. Still, he could not absolutely refuse a call that might be from his Lord. He determined to leave the decision with his wife.

Mrs. Day had been at Whitehall, New York, to bring her mother to their Western home. Without waiting for her return, Mr. Day went to meet her. They met near Schenectady. The question was laid before the wife, and she promptly said, "Go ! Do not worry because of the family. The Lord will provide for us." He accepted the decision. A canal boat was passing. He sprang upon it, and was again eastward bound. He wrote from Schenectady the next day :

I sat a moment by your side, half confounded, almost sorry, almost glad. I was astonished at



your courage. But see how the Lord leads. I kept the boat until the next lock, and crossed the river just in time to take the cars to Schenectady. The fare was one dollar and sixty-two cents, and I had just twenty-five cents left. I met Bro. Arthur<sup>1</sup> on the point of leaving for New York. He was glad to see me, and said: "The brethren will take up a collection for the Sturgis Church." He wishes me to preach for his people two Sundays while he is away. As I had not a dollar to carry me farther, I readily consented. He said if the brethren did not pay for my services he would. If you had not been so courageous I should have gone West with you; again, if I had not left the canal boat where I did, I should not have arrived here in time for an interview with Bro. Arthur. In thinking how God has always led us I am greatly encouraged. May he safely and gently bear you on, on, on, dear Elizabeth, until you reach our Western home.

Thus strengthened by the fortitude of his heroic wife, and cheered by the contemplation of the divine goodness, our traveler pursued his way; but he was destined soon to suffer a swift descent from this elevated and hopeful frame of mind. He writes on the succeeding Saturday, from Schenectady, as follows:

I have just returned from officiating at a funeral. The church here is very poor, and their meeting-house is advertised for sale. I feel very

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<sup>1</sup> Father of the late ex-President Arthur.

sad. I have not a dollar; but this is not the cause of my sorrow. I can easily supply my few personal wants, but how can I help the poor church in Sturgis? This is a hard beginning. . . I preached last Sunday in Schenectady, and received fifty cents. This was enough to take me to Albany, where I could consult with the brethren. They talk very discouragingly. There is a gentleman here trying to collect money to build a meeting-house in Washington, and another from Rochester; but he is discouraged and is going home.

This going out to gather funds for building houses for weak churches was a growing custom. We shall see more of it shortly. Incidentally it reflects the straitened condition of many of our strong churches a half-century ago. Washington and Rochester! How good an investment it was at that time to help these churches which since then have been the succorers of many!

September 8.

I preached in Schenectady again yesterday and had two ministers in my congregation. One was old Father Harvey, one hundred and ten years of age. He was born in 1735. In the afternoon he preached to a large assembly.

I write this morning to tell you of a Janet Chamberlain, almost gone with a peculiar kind of consumption, ossification of the lungs. She is always cheery, and her mother and her sister talk and laugh with her about the home to which they

are going as freely as I would talk with you about going to Sturgis, and seemingly with as strong desire. . . I have just returned from visiting another sick lady. She is very poor, and leaves a husband and infant child. She too was cheerful as she talked of her heavenly home and of the loving care of God for her motherless child. Then I visited a school and talked to them of Jesus, and prayed—and now I am talking to you. Oh, what a diversified world! How much there is to make us happy if we only perceived it! Happy in domestic love, happy in the society of our children, and happy in religion; and this sweetens all and makes earth a paradise.

Even while on his begging tour the pastoral spirit was strong in him, leading him thus to minister to the sick and the dying though they were strangers to him. Combined with this care for others it is affecting to read between the lines of his letters how he longed for his family and his home while he was being driven farther and farther from them. In one of his letters he says: "Saturday and Sunday the wind blew severely here, and I thought how rough the lake must be; but it was a comfort to think of you safe in our rural home behind the peach trees."

The crossing of Lake Erie, especially in stormy times, was dreaded by all travelers between the East and the West. Next we find our traveler farther east, after his rather unprofitable sojourn

in the neighborhood of Schenectady and Albany.

September 13.

On Wednesday last I went to Springfield, Mass., and called upon the minister, a young man, Bro. Humphrey Richards. He did not think it his people's duty to aid the work, and feared if they were urged they would feel unkindly toward him. So I said good-bye and went down the river to Hartford, where I found four or five meeting-house solicitors had been over the ground, and two were waiting for the coming Sabbath. Bro. Turnbull treated me with great politeness, and expressed regret that I had come at such an unfavorable time.

Truly the "meeting-house solicitors" are getting pretty thick. It is no wonder if the patience of churches and pastors in the East was sorely tried by them sometimes. But when an afflicted pastor could only express his regrets, his "great politeness" was recognized and appreciated. Our traveler will have the sympathy of those who honor these simple recitals with their attention as he turns aside from his mission to refresh himself with a sight of the scenes of his youth.

Adams, Mass., as you know, is my native town. It was a delight to stop for a day and look upon the mountains, their towering tops hidden in the clouds; to walk over the fields and along the paths where I began my earliest journeyings. The

house is still standing where my father was born, and myself. The same old apple trees are thrifty and fruit-laden, so large now that you and I together could scarcely encircle them. The Hoosac River, which runs behind the house, has worn away the bank, carrying with it four rows of the apple trees. There were four hundred acres in the farm when I was born, and my grandfather had lived upon it forty years before my father's time.

Adams has become a great manufacturing town. On the old farm now are a large factory, two elegant brick blocks, and several ordinary structures. In the town are twenty four-story cotton and woolen factories, all in operation.

It is time to hear from home. Did the brave woman, whom we saw last near Schenectady with her face turned resolutely westward, reach home safely? Let her tell.

September 14, 1845.

We arrived home on the 7th inst., quite worn out. We were all very sick on the lake. The captain said it was the heaviest sea he had ever encountered. We were on the water three nights and two days. We came across on the "Franklin." The "New Orleans" left Buffalo at the same time bound for Chicago. It was sunk by the storm; but the "Boston" was in sight and rescued the passengers. The "Boston" is a large boat and could go ahead when we could not.

We took passage Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 3d. On Thursday night, for four or five hours, they put on full head of steam, but with utmost

endeavor they were merely driven backward and were tossed by wind and wave. I thought all was over, and felt very sorry that I had not gone out when we were at Cleveland and deposited what little money I had in the name of the church. Several times the officers gave up all for lost, but the Lord had an eye on us for good. I commended all of our interests to him, and prayed that he would be our captain and our all. He heard our cry and brought us all "safe to land." It seems as if we never could distrust him.

The meeting-house looks well, but all are despondent and feel that everything for the future depends upon your success. I believe that the Lord will give the people liberal hearts and that they will come to the relief of this weak and struggling band. The little church is awake. We held a prayer meeting in the schoolhouse to-day and with four exceptions every member was present.

A gentleman was here from Rochester and said that he gave five dollars for a Bible for the Niles Church, and will give five dollars for this. They asked him to leave it, but he said, "No; Elder Day must call for it." So don't forget it when you come back.

Now we are safely at home, I think it best not to write unless there is some special reason. Although postage is only ten cents, every ten cents counts ten. But you must write regularly, for you are a stranger in a strange land.

It is noticeable that in the apprehension of speedy death this Christian woman was not con-

cerned for her own welfare, body or soul, but was moved to regret that she had not placed the little money she had on her person where it would have helped the poor church at home. It is an interesting sample of an intensely practical type of piety. The husband's response follows:

WALLINGFORD, CONN., Sept. 24.

Your letter is before me. What short-sighted creatures we are! I had not heard of the storm on the lake, and the week following, when I feared the lake was rough, I comforted myself with the thought that you were all safe at home. It is well that I did not know, for I was sad and despondent enough as it was. We will give God thanks for his preserving care.

I shall try to labor cheerfully for the glory of God and the benefit of the Sturgis Church. As to the latter, I must leave it with him. Give my love to the brethren and sisters. I hope they will not be discouraged, whether I am successful or not. If I fail it will not be because I do not labor faithfully. May the Holy Spirit descend upon you in your meetings; and will the church pray that if it is right for me to succeed, God will direct me and prepare hearts to receive the message I bear?

## V

### EXPERIENCES IN CONNECTICUT

New Haven Courtesies—A Good Sunday—Money Forwarded—Willington—Hard Lines in Suffield—Bro. King, of Boston Neck—The Beggar a Giver

**A**T New Haven Mr. Day was the recipient of special courtesies from the president of Yale College, which made a deep impression on his mind. It is interesting to look through his eyes at the curiosities which the city and its great institution then offered to the inspection of the visitor. From New Haven he writes :

I came to this place in company with Elder Denison, of Wallingford, who brought me over with his horse and wagon and introduced me to two ministers, Elders Judd and Phelps. They treated me with great politeness; but in regard to money, one of the churches is building a meeting-house and is asking aid for a part of the funds, and the other feels bound to help it first. After much talk, Bro. Phelps went with me to two or three of the brethren. They were willing I should preach, but did not think best to take up a collection. I might state my object to individuals at the close of the meeting. Bro. Phelps then visited two or three families to see if he could find accommodations for me over the Sabbath. He was un-



successful and I said I would go to the "Temperance House." He objected, and took me to the private house where he boards.

The next day, Saturday, I called on the president of Yale College, introducing myself. He treated me with great courtesy and invited me to ride with himself, his wife, and daughter. We first visited the cemetery. There are carriage roads in all directions through it. It is walled on three sides, and has an iron fence in front with a massive granite gateway. He pointed out the tomb of the late President Dwight, those of President Edwards, Roger Sherman (one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence), Noah Webster's monument, and many others.

Leaving the cemetery, we passed through many beautiful streets arched with elm trees. I saw the house where Noah Webster died, and the spot of ground, under a tree, where the first sermon was preached in New Haven, more than two hundred years ago. He pointed out the house where he himself met General Washington while he was President of the United States. When we returned to the house it was one o'clock, and he insisted that I stay, and after dinner visit the college buildings.

We went first to the new library and reading-room. It is an extensive building, with a fifty-foot ceiling. As we stood in one of the upper arches the president remarked: "It is not an easy thing to fill all these shelves, but it is much easier than to know what the books contain." We visited the Trumbull gallery, filled with the curiosities of nature—spar, crystal, precious stones, gold,

silver, copper, zinc, lead, tin, and ores of all sorts. One thing of particular interest was an oblong aërolite weighing over sixteen hundred pounds. Another specimen that fell from the heavens was picked up while yet warm.

We visited the chemical department, where I was introduced to Prof. Silliman. But I must stop writing, for three sides of this sheet are full.

We interrupt the letter to remind the reader that at that time letters were usually written on large, four-page cap paper, the last page being reserved for the address, which was put on after the sheet had been neatly folded. Envelopes were introduced into this country in 1839, but they did not come into common use until after some years.

Bro. Phelps has just been in, and says I may write on all the four sides of this sheet and then put it in a wrapper he has just brought me.

Well, after we were satisfied with looking at the curiosities and the college grounds and buildings, the president proposed a walk through more of the beautiful streets and public parks, during which he told of many historical events connected with these localities. We then returned home and "took tea," as the phrase is. After which, handing me a newspaper, the president said: "Make this house your home while in New Haven; we have plenty of room and shall be pleased with your company." I excused myself however, and returned to the boarding house.

Sunday morning I addressed the Sunday-school and preached. At the intermission one of the brethren whom I visited on Friday said: "You have interested our people." I replied: "If the Lord will, I shall come closer to them this afternoon." He smiled and turned away, but did not say that I might call for a contribution. At the close of the meeting in the afternoon the brethren and sisters met me at the pulpit stairs and handed me sixteen dollars. I preached again in the evening and received five dollars more. This morning a brother has called and left two dollars, and I believe I shall get more. I was too tired to rest last night, but had such a good season that I felt sure the little church in Sturgis was praying for me.

The delightful courtesies received at New Haven, the appreciation of his sermons by the people, and the inflow of contributions for his poor little church at home have greatly encouraged him. But he loses heart again, as his succeeding letter shows:

I have preached five times for Bro. Savage's people, and have received twelve dollars and eighty cents. I am almost discouraged; money comes in so slowly and in such small amounts.

The weather is cold, and my coat is broken under the arm, and I have had to pin up the cuff. I am hardly presentable in a country pulpit to say nothing about the city. I dislike to pay a dollar for repairs, but I must do it or come home, unless

the Lord opens some one's heart to supply my necessities. I wonder if you and the church continue to pray for me. Sometimes I feel full of hope and courage, and then I am discouraged and know not which way to turn. I know you would say, "Go preach, money or no money."

One must be moved by the unconscious pathos of such a letter as that. At last, after nearly six weeks of absence from home, four of which have been spent in soliciting work, Mr. Day is able to send his first remittance of one hundred dollars.

HARTFORD, CONN., Oct. 9, 1845.

Oh, I wish I were at home! I am tired and sick of this difficult task; but, as you see from the within, I have succeeded in depositing a hundred dollars. This has cost so much labor and anxiety I hope it will do much good. Ask the little church to pray that my health and courage may hold out.

And now we are permitted to look over his shoulder again and see the messages he gets from home. Mrs. Day writes: "The church is getting along as well as could be expected with the means at hand. They hope to get it done in two months from this date. It has been whispered around that the building will be sold as soon as it is done unless the debt is paid."

When this last startling bit of "say so" was written, the one hundred dollar remittance had

not been received. Another letter soon followed, which has a different tone: "Your most welcome letter with one hundred dollars enclosed has just been brought in. Oh, how thankful we ought to be to God for his goodness! I shall go at once and take up the note against the church. The brethren are here and send love and assurance that they are praying while you are laboring for the financial interests of the church that your soul may be enriched with heavenly grace."

Then follow domestic details, showing the woman of thrift and business capability: "We had about three hundred bushels of wheat. I was obliged to borrow for family use, and I hired some help payable in wheat; so the amount to sell was reduced to less than two hundred bushels. It brings in Constantine three-and-seven (forty-four and a half cents). If possible, I shall hold it until I can get fifty cents a bushel."

While this letter was on the way to the hard-worked solicitor, he was writing as follows:

WILLINGTON, CONN., Oct. 16, 1845.

From Tolland the minister took his wagon and brought me about half-way to this place, when another man brought me the rest of the way. Here I preached on Sunday, and have been walking all over the town trying to get money for the meeting-house. Sometimes I am successful, sometimes I get nothing. I walked about ten miles yesterday and got only one dollar. I have read

your last letter over ten times ; do you not think I ought to have a new one by this time?

If you had seen me yesterday making my way around town you would not have known me. While my coat was being mended, I wore one belonging to Elder Parker. It was too large and too long, and it was green, besides being rather more broken than my own. I have mine on now and it looks very well. I intend to spend next Sunday in Suffield. I do not know if they will hear me.

Willington, where I am now, is the place where the Presbyterian church and its minister became Baptist a dozen years or more ago.

Connecticut is a country of poor, very poor, scrub-oak land, up hill and down. Most of the people live by the manufactories.

I think now, if I get home once more I shall be very happy. But what shall I be good for except to go right off again. We cannot tell, but if I could be permitted to remain, I should enjoy it. However, servants must not be choosers of their employment. God reigns, and we must give heed to his direction and obey the finger of his providence.

The next letter gives us fuller details than we have yet had of the manner in which Mr. Day went about his work. The reader may judge whether the account is more pathetic or amusing.

SUFFIELD, Oct. 22, 1845.

I came to this place last Saturday toward night, and called on Elder Ives. He said he had heard

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of me and of my work, but that his people could do nothing for me, for he had strained the string as much as it would bear, and he had just been abroad begging money for the Suffield Institute, and their own meeting-house had cost them eighteen thousand dollars and his people were sore. He wished to be excused, and off he went, leaving me alone. I had a good many thoughts. In the early part of the evening he returned, and I told him I should like to spend Sabbath with his church, and proposed going to the house of one of his brethren. But he said, "No; stay with me"; and away he went again, and I did not see him until about nine o'clock. When he came in he said: "What do you wish to do with my people?"

"I would like to preach to them once or twice, if it is your will."

"Well, what do you want to preach about?"

"Upon the duty of Christians denying themselves and bearing the cross."

"That's all very good; but what do you want to say about your meeting-house?"

"Nothing, except to state the facts at the close of the sermon."

"Well then, I guess I'll let you preach in the morning."

I preached in the morning, and at the close of the afternoon meeting he gave notice that I would preach in the evening, which I did, and received six dollars. Monday morning I started out alone to see whom I could find, and I picked up five dollars more. Monday evening Elder Ives took me in his wagon to old Father Sheldon's, and I

preached in the schoolhouse in the evening, and had two invitations to call in the morning, which I agreed to do.

In the morning I called as per arrangement. At the first house I spent some time in conversation, and had prayer with the family, and at length the old gentleman said, "I cannot help you."

The other place was a mile farther on. I went, and inquired for the deacon.

"He is away, and will not be back before noon."

"Must be some mistake," said I. "The brother invited me to call this morning, and he certainly would not have gone away."

But he had. They asked me to wait, but I remarked, "I must be about my Master's business. Good-bye."

I stopped where I spent the night. The old gentleman is said to be worth three hundred thousand dollars. He gave me one dollar. I was tempted not to take it; but I thought again, "A dollar is a dollar," and putting it in my pocket, started on foot for Bro. Ives'.

I arrived about noon, and found that he and his wife had gone to Springfield. I rested a few moments, and then went on to Bro. King's. I felt so badly, I guess they saw it in my face, and they said, "You are almost discouraged."

"Oh," I said, "I sometimes toil a whole week in this way, and if that has not discouraged me, I shall recover from one day's disappointment."

"Well," said Bro. King, "we'll have dinner, and then I'll take my horse and wagon and carry



you over to Boston Neck and introduce you to Bro. May."

I was so full of distrust that I thought he had only made this proposal as a good way to get rid of me. But when we arrived at Bro. May's I was most cordially received. He is a delightful gentleman, from Albany, and his wife is a charming woman.

Said Bro. King: "Can't you spend the afternoon with Elder Day, and show him where the brethren live?"

"Most certainly I will," was the pleasant response.

He knew everybody, and all the time was in a great hurry to get around, notifying the people that I would preach in the evening. During the afternoon I raised seventeen dollars. He spent this forenoon also with me, and in all I have raised over thirty dollars.

I shall walk from here to Hartford, sixteen miles, and save the expense of riding. I have many fears about my success there. They may not hear me, but I must leave it all to Him who rules in the hearts of his people.

A paragraph appended to the foregoing letter shows that while Mr. Day was asking others to give, he himself knew the blessedness of giving: "A poor man has just come in, and I have walked three-quarters of a mile to my traveling bag to get a vest to give him. He, in return, gave me the poor man's blessing."

## VI

### STILL IN CONNECTICUT

**Trials in Hartford and Middletown—News from the Many-handed Wife—The Unnamed Man of Deep River—Mr. Day Sells His Watch**

THESE records, aside from their general interest as reflecting the varied trials of frontier life, of weak churches in a new country, and of a Western minister traveling about soliciting funds to build a meeting-house in an unknown region, will awaken special interest in two classes of persons: those who have shared in the above-named trials and those whose names and localities are incidental to the story.

The hard lines of our worthy brother in Connecticut are chargeable in good part to the conditions of time and place. It is beautiful to see at this distance, and all the brighter for the distance, the instances of courtesy and kindness that filled the heart of the preacher. But in those instances where he received less consideration than seemed due to him and to his work, it should not be overlooked that New England, especially in its three southern States, was then invaded by numbers of such solicitors. Local church finances were none

too easy, and the solicitors were mostly unknown men.

Resuming the thread of the narrative, were Mr. Day's premonitions as to a hard time in Hartford realized? The next letter tells:

I called on Elder T——1, and was coldly received. He said he had talked with the brethren, and they were unwilling to have my cause presented. I soon left. He did not invite me to return to dinner. Going to the store for my traveling bag, I met Bro. Raymond, who was very polite and said his family were ill, otherwise he would take me home with him.

As I was not received in the city, I made necessary arrangements to leave. I inquired of the bar-keeper: "Is a boat going down the river this afternoon?"

"Yes," said he; and looking at the clock, added: "It starts about this time."

I ran down the street and into a cross street, and down that street until in sight of the river. The boat was moving. It was too late. It was no use to cry, "Lord, Lord, open unto me."

I wandered back again to the tavern and sat down. I soon learned that the stage would go out about four o'clock. This was Saturday evening. I engaged an outside seat, for there were twenty passengers. The driver and a large woman were on the forward seat, and five more were on top of the coach. In this way I got out of Hartford.

We passed through Wethersfield, where they raise immense quantities of onions, reaching Middletown in the evening about seven o'clock. I

called on Elder H——d's wife, her husband being out. He lives about three-quarters of a mile from where the deacon lives. I started off and found the deacon's store. He was out, so I sat down. By-and-by he came in, and a gentleman with him. He did not notice me, and before I had a chance to introduce myself in came Bro. H——d. I knew him, and he was evidently sorry to see me. They consulted, and agreed that nothing must be said about raising money for a meeting-house. I asked if they could suggest a place where I could spend the Sabbath. "Oh, yes," said Elder H——d; and took me home with him.

In the evening he said he would like me to preach to his people in the forenoon. I preached to a small congregation from a text he named. So far as I can judge from my own feelings, I never preached better. H——d said he believed the doctrine I presented was true, but not one Christian in five hundred thousand lived up to it. And if it was Bible truth, he did not see how people were going to be saved.

In the afternoon he requested me to sit in his pew. There was a very large congregation, and he showed himself to good advantage along with Bonaparte, Cicero, Demosthenes, and the rest of them. He gave notice that there would be preaching in the evening. After meeting, a lady about fifty years of age introduced herself and invited me home with her. I readily consented. She was very kind, and expressed the wish that I would make her house my home as long as I was in Middletown. She will see that my clothes are put in repair.

In the evening I attended the meeting. Several persons spoke to me, expecting I was to preach. At length the elder came, and said, "Shall I preach, or you?" "You, of course," I replied. So he did, without inviting me to the pulpit.

Now you can understand how I fare, and how unpleasant this business is. I shall probably lose all this week and not get a dollar. Pray for me that I may know my duty. I know not where to go or what to do.

It will be a relief to turn for a short time from the disheartened man to his many-handed wife who carries the family, the farm, and the church in her busy brain and on her heart all at the same time. It will be noticed that she has added yet another to the varied industries by which she earns money to keep up the home, namely, cap-making. Under date of Nov. 2d she writes: "I went to Dunham's Mills, took up the church note, and stopped at Ontario, where I sold six dollars' worth of caps and stocks. I wish, when you return, you would bring six dozen front pieces and the same number of straps for men's and boys' caps. I got three dozens of each in Buffalo when I came home. They have two kinds: one of leather at one dollar and fifty cents a dozen, the other imitation. They look alike, but the imitation is just as good, and costs only a dollar a dozen. Be sure and get fronts that shine well; they sell so much better.

Don't forget the straps. They are fifteen cents a dozen; much cheaper than I can make them."

There is a whole business college course in that paragraph, and the knowledge of human nature that selects the fronts that "shine well" is the sort that makes commercial thrift. The next paragraph is in quite another key: "Bro. Leighton has subscribed one hundred dollars for the meeting-house, and pays it in work, taking his dinner and walking the three miles morning and evening, besides doing a full day's work. We all feel that his health is failing, but he finds great pleasure in the thought that if this is his last work it is for the Lord."

Then the good woman turns to the home. She is aware of need of repairs, and has made some provision for them; but in the face of the wrecked cook-stove she is helpless and philosophical: "I have bought shingles for the house. If we can buy lumber when you get home, we will have a new roof. It leaks very badly, and every time it rains we have to move things from place to place to keep dry. Our stove has wholly failed. The oven, top and bottom, has given way; but we will get along without an oven until better off. We sometimes think we have a hard time, but when we think how much more disagreeable things you have to bear, we are ashamed ever to have complained."

Our traveler passes down the Connecticut Valley, and we hear from him next at Chester, whence he writes under date of Nov. 7 :

I am seated in a cold chamber with overcoat and hat on. I left Middletown on Wednesday for Deep River. I called on the principal man (I will not write his name), and stated the object of my visit. He said he did not wish to hear it, would not give himself, nor give consent for me to lay the case before the church. I next called upon the minister, and he referred me back to this man and one other as a committee appointed to examine the merits of causes.

He said he would expect me to preach this evening whether they would allow me to say anything about my object or not. I told him I would preach, and went alone to see the other member of the committee. He received me cordially, and said he was not aware that he had been appointed a committee to guard the pulpit; if he was, he was perfectly willing that I should present my claim and get what I could.

I returned with him to the house of Elder M——y, the pastor, who said : "I have been talking with Bro. ———, and he thinks best not to introduce the subject of money. I should be pleased to have you preach a good, warm sermon, Bro. Day, about Christ, and so forth"; and taking his hat, he started for the door. I said, "Bro. M——y, I will preach if you say so, but if I do, I shall preach what the Spirit indicates to me." "You shall not preach at all then," was the reply. So I did not preach.

At this place I met Elder Gates, whom I knew in Hamilton. His people are poor and give him two hundred dollars a year. They could not do anything for me, but Elder Gates carried me in his wagon to Essex, six miles, and introduced me to Bro. Card, whom, by the way, I knew in New York. He recognized me sooner than I did him, and said, "You are welcome! Spend the Sabbath with me, preach, and get all the money you can."

They are building a new eighteen thousand dollar meeting-house. He thought the people would feel poor and probably couldn't do much. I learned that I was the eighth person who had been there after money to build meeting-houses in other parts since they had begun erecting their own. Bro. Stewart, from New York, was the last one. He spent more time than I did, and received about twenty-four dollars. I received fifty-one.

Elder Gates came down from Chester to have me come back to his place to hold a protracted meeting. While I preach, he will go out and raise money for me. He thinks he can raise it faster than I. He has pledged forty dollars for the time I spend—nine days. I preach this evening, and so on every evening. I called on a rich old lady in Essex, who was so deaf that I could not talk with her, so I gave her your letter to read. The result was five dollars for the meeting-house, the only five dollar bill I received in that place.

SATURDAY MORNING.—I preached to a full house last night, and two persons rose for prayers. I do not send this letter because I think it necessary, but because I love to write to you; and if I



do not send this to-day I cannot send one next week, for you said you could not afford to have me send a letter oftener than once a week. Peace be with you.

The poor man's heart cries out for his family and his home. The rare letters he receives are a great comfort to him. In his next communication to his wife he says :

Your long-looked-for and most welcome letter is received. I have read it not less than five times, and the one before not less than thirty times. You say I need not expect to hear from you so often as you are all right at home, and we had better save postage. Do you know I wouldn't sell one of your letters for five dollars before it is read ; and when I just see that I have a letter from home the tears often roll down my cheeks. In my exile I need to hear from home, to be reminded that somewhere somebody cares for me. It seems very hard, even at the call of duty, to lead the life I do, and it would not seem easy if I heard from you every week.

In the latter part of November Mr. Day made a trip to New York, from which he soon returned to the neighborhood of Stonington, whence the following is sent to his home :

I am writing this letter with a little Baptist minister on my lap, six months old, and he is a rather troublesome companion, wishing to take

matters into his own hands. When I was in New York I called upon cousin B. F. Sherman. He has moved into the northern part of the city, on Twenty-second Street.

I am now six miles from Stonington, and find two Sabbath days in succession engaged. There is a large Seventh Day Baptist church here. I went to their meeting, and was asked to tell about my mission. I preached twice and they circulated the hat and gave me five dollars and fifty cents. The next day was Sunday and I preached again for our people.

Give my love to the little church. Bro. Leighton's one hundred dollar subscription speaks well for the self-sacrificing worker. I sold my watch for ten dollars, and that went to make the last two hundred dollars I transmitted.

It will strike the reader as a novel way to conduct a soliciting tour for a church building for the solicitor to sell his personal belongings, even so necessary a thing to a traveler as a watch, to swell the amount of his remittances. It is not improbable that the preacher preached to himself, and was honest enough to practise the self-denial he enjoined upon others.

## VII

### IN RHODE ISLAND

In Wickford—Tidings from Sturgis—Woonsocket a Bright Spot—Credentials Demanded and Supplied in Warren—Newport—The Fort and the Sea—Offered a Pastorate—Some Worldly Wisdom

WE next find our traveling preacher in Rhode Island. Here, for the first time, he meets the Sabbatarian controversy in practical form. Aside from this, his discoveries in the domain of human nature made from his peculiar point of view yield him much the same results as we have seen elsewhere. He writes from Wickford :

This village is located on the west side of Narragansett Bay, about fifteen miles north of Point Judith and twenty-five miles south of Providence. Through this section part of the people worship God on the Sabbath and a part hold services on the seventh day. The Bible is the law-book, and I am studying this question. I do not wish to consult my prejudices or feelings, but desire to know the mind of the Spirit.

In Westerly there is really no Sabbath, for, between the two parties, factory bells ring every day in the week.

I preached twice on Sunday and received twenty-five cents. It was a cold place in every way. Here I preached Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday,

and three times on Sunday. Although I am a strong man it was too much for me.

I sometimes ask myself, "Why not leave this work?" and then I think, "God called you to it and you ought not to complain, but labor as he gives strength and opportunity."

It is time for us to catch a view of the Western end of the work once more. We are saddened to learn that the energetic woman has over-worked, and is paying the penalty philosophically, trustfully, even gratefully. Here is her letter :

I received your letter to-day, and it makes me very sad and lonely. If it were not that the Saviour has promised to help in time of trouble, I should be quite discouraged; but his promises give me comfort and support.

I have not sewed much for a few weeks. My wrist is quite lame. Perhaps you can ask advice of some physician, "What will cure a weeping sinew?" for that is what ails my wrist.

I knew I ought not to work so hard, but under the circumstances I thought I ought to do all I could. I think my health would be good if I would rest. Perhaps Providence has ordered this affliction; for had my wrist not failed I would doubtless have sewed until entirely deprived of health. I promised my Heavenly Father not to do so again if he would make me better. But seeing the many wants pressing on every side, I would reason: "The Lord sends me this work, and I will try to do it." So I would persevere day and night until it was done.

How good the Lord was not to afflict me in any other way, and only enough to make me keep my promise! I can trace his hand in everything, and "He doth not willingly afflict."

I have taken up the fifty dollar note and have paid expenses of our fall work. I had to hire extra help to sow the wheat. I sold all I dared, more than I could safely spare. I sold at fifty cents at the barn; our neighbors sold at forty-five cents delivered. I sold butter to get money to pay our taxes (five dollars and forty cents), and now I have just seven shillings and three cents left.

It will be remembered that in a previous letter, written soon after the wheat harvest, Mrs. Day said she would hold her wheat until it had advanced from forty-four and a half cents to fifty. It is gratifying to know that her calculations were made good. Her letter goes on:

The trustees wished me to write that the meeting-house is getting along well, and that they hope to dedicate it a week from next Thursday, February 5. The trustees offered their notes to the builder, but he would not take them, because in that event he would have no claim upon the house. He proposed to be safe, and says if he does not get his pay in six months from last November, he will sue. Subscriptions have been paid, but we now owe him two hundred and twenty-two dollars, besides three hundred dollars borrowed.

I must not write more as my wrist pains me severely.

Woonsocket, R. I., made a bright spot in the experience of our solicitor, though the date of his writing suggests sad memories. The first paragraph is reproduced here as part of the picture of the man whose company we are keeping.

I feel an uncommon degree of solemnity to-day; it is just twenty-nine years since the first death took place in my father's family—Charles Tainter Day, aged five years. I shall never forget the sorrow of that evening. It was the first blow and our hearts were tender. It was Death. Many changes have followed; father, mother, brother, sisters, and our own little Joseph, are known on earth no more. The future is known only to God; but if we follow the way he leads we need not fear.

Bro. Kaylett Arvine, the pastor, is willing that I make an effort among his people. I walked the most of the way to this place, up the Blackstone River. There are eighteen cotton mills and two woolen factories here. I am in the family of a wealthy manufacturer. He gave me ten dollars, and said, "Make my house your home." I am surrounded with all that can dazzle the eye and please the taste—beautiful carpets, sofas, mirrors, piano, mantels ornamented with golden candlesticks, hung with prisms, and yet my heart longs for the plain little house among the peach trees.

Friends here have given the trimmings for our pulpit, maroon plush, fringe and tassels, two brass lamps to stand on either side, also a box of Sunday-school books, with sixty-one and a half dollars in cash.

On Monday I walked six miles; Tuesday the

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same, and that night got up and helped contend with fire. Altogether I am badly used up.

On the other side of Narragansett Bay Mr. Day met with a new form of objection, the lack of acceptable credentials. The promptness and effectiveness with which he met this difficulty surprised the objector.

WARREN, R. I.

The Baptist church here is old and wealthy; but the pastor will not allow me to even preach without credentials from Bro. Granger of Providence. Inasmuch as the way is hedged until this obstacle is removed, I shall return to Providence this afternoon. Pray that I may be humble and persevering in the Lord's work, and that none of these things move me.

Monday morning. I went to Providence, secured the required recommendations and endorsements, and returned, in much to the astonishment of friend T——n. He allowed me to preach in the afternoon, but I was not to say anything about my mission.

I said, "Yes."

Then he said he would like me to sing the hymns he had selected.

I said, "Yes."

Then he told me what subject he wished me to preach upon.

I told him I thought the subject I had selected would do full as well.

He said no more.

I preached, and he desired me to preach again in the evening.

I said, "Yes."

He said I must take the hymns he had selected.

I said, "Yes."

Then he proceeded to give me the text, with the doctrines growing out of it, and I told him I would take the text and range of thought outlined if the Spirit indicated it to be my duty after I got into the pulpit.

Strange as it may seem, I felt called to present the subject suggested, and the harmony of view was as apparent as in the previous discourse. The pastor did not introduce me, nor did he sit in the pulpit; so I arose and gave out the hymns, and, before preaching, introduced myself.

The house of worship is beautiful. It cost about forty thousand dollars. The glass in the windows is diamond shape, and is stained scarlet, blue, and purple. When the sun shines upon it the effect is like looking through a kaleidoscope.

At the close of the afternoon sermon a number of members greeted me and spoke encouragingly. After the evening sermon the pastor dismissed the congregation without saying anything to me. I was on my feet in an instant, and called out for the people to stop a moment. They readily did so, and I laid my case before them in the best language I could command. A number came forward and shook my hand, leaving a five, a one, a two, etc., and two brethren offered to visit with me, calling on others. One dollar has been brought in since I began writing. I will only add at this time, that I am perfectly satisfied with this people—and with their pastor.

Mr. Day does not explain this last remark.



Doubtless his wife understood him to mean that the conduct of the pastor had created a fruitful sympathy for him.

We follow him next to Newport, where the fortifications and the sea, to say nothing of an unexpected call to be pastor of one of the churches there, added some variety to his experiences. It is from Newport that the following was written :

A brother invited me to accompany him to Fort Adams. We spent the forenoon there ; but I can give no adequate description of the strength of the fort, its massive walls and subterranean passages. The main walls, built of cut stones, some of them nine feet thick, are perhaps thirty feet high and four hundred or five hundred feet long. Then there are projections in various directions, with numerous portholes. There are three tiers of cannon, the first for the seventy-two pounders, the second for the thirty-twos, the third for the twenty-fours. They say that some three hundred of these guns could be brought to bear upon a single vessel. This fort has cost about one million six hundred thousand dollars, besides the guns. And all this is to destroy men's lives. It makes me gloomy to think of it.

It is not improbable that he thought also how many tidy little Baptist meeting-houses this large sum of money would have built in the destitute places in the West. The letter continues :

Wednesday I walked to the beach, about two

miles from the city. There was a terrible wind and snow-storm, and I stayed there all night. I found it over one hundred paces from where the water sometimes flows to its lowest ebb. It is a sublime sight to see the breakers come in with quick and quicker motion.

I said, "What ails thee, thou mighty deep?"

The involuntary answer was, "The Lord hath breathed upon me."

"Why art thou so restless?"

"The Lord hath spoken to me."

"Why dost thou suddenly stop in thy course?"

"His finger has marked my bound."

Yesterday I preached three times to the two Baptist churches. In the evening I received eight dollars with the promise of more. Bro. Smith's people are also building a meeting-house.

It is a somewhat rare thing for a preacher out on a begging tour to receive a call to the pastorate of a church where he is seeking funds. So novel an event is no slight tribute to the preacher's ability to win a congregation. The account of it follows:

I have spent several days with the Second Church here. They are a noble people, and have rewarded me handsomely. They asked me if I would accept a call to become their pastor at a salary of six hundred dollars a year. I told them I could not consider any other work until I had fulfilled my mission for the Sturgis Church. Then they wished me to supply them for a few months, but

I again said, "My duty is plain before me, and for the present I can know but the one thing."

With all the rest of it, our solicitor picks up a little worldly wisdom in the course of his observations. Thus:

I have always said that the coat did not make the man, but the man the coat. Nevertheless, a satin vest, silk stock, first-rate pair of pantaloons, and a good coat, on a man who can fill them, give one some importance among strangers, D. D. or no D. D. This is one of the lessons among many others that I have learned by experience.

But the bit of worldly wisdom does not quite crowd out the heavenly, as the next paragraph shows:

What reason we have for gratitude to God that he directs our paths, so that the responsibility of decision is with him! If we go to him for direction in all the minute affairs of life, we need not fear.

I am very much surprised to hear of Bro. Leighton's ill health. He will have my prayers that if it is God's will he may be spared to the church and to his family. Give my love to him, and please read the following to him alone: "Dear Bro. Leighton, ever since I spoke short to you when we were at work on the highway, I have been sorry and ashamed. It has burdened me until I can carry it no longer, so I write to ask if you will forgive me and try to love me still."

I must now say good-bye to you, and at the same time to the good people of Newport. The stage is at the door and I must away. I go to the ferry where I cross in a sailboat. It is almost a mile, and the river is full of anchor ice. I go from here to Nantucket, an island about thirty miles out to sea. A steamboat runs forward and back from New Bedford two or three times a week.

## VIII

### A CORNER OF MASSACHUSETTS

Hospitable Nantucket—Interesting Descriptions—Homeward Drawings—The Great Fire—News from Home Again—Success of Mr. Day's Mission—Boston and its Choice Spirits

**A**SIDE from the interest attaching to the special mission of Mr. Day as church fund agent for the Baptists in Sturgis, his first letter from Nantucket is entertaining as reflecting the condition of affairs on the island as they were fifty years ago. He writes under date of March 21, 1846:

The hospitality of the people is surprising me. I met a large concourse going to their homes as I was going up to Bro. Barnaby's, and I asked a lady if she could tell me where he resided. "Oh, yes!" she replied, and turned about and walked with me to his door.

Then a Quaker lady came up and said, "What a solemn meeting we have had!" The occasion to which she referred was a funeral. Four sailors had been picked up drowned, and had just been buried. Others were lost whose bodies have not been found.

I will give a little account of the affair as I have learned it. The captain of the bark is John Nevins. He was baptized by Bro. Adoniram Judson, in Burma. The captain gave him a home on

his vessel six months after he was liberated from prison. The letter of Christian commendation that Bro. Judson gave him was picked up in the surf, and I saw it.

The shoals to the southeast of the island extend some fifty miles into the sea, and are about forty-five miles wide. The wind blew strong from the south, and it was foggy and dark. The first thing the captain knew, they were battling with breakers on every side. They were near port when the boat struck the shoals.

They launched the life-boats. The first one was wrecked. This was their long boat. Then they launched their jolly boat, and seven or eight men got into it and started for shore. A great swell struck the boat and it was turned completely over, and the men were all struggling in the mad waters near the shore. A man on shore tied a rope round his waist and plunged into the surf. He grasped one body and the men on shore pulled both in alive. Then the captain tied a rope to an oar and threw it overboard, and it was driven ashore. Along this rope, fastened to the mast, the men were drawn to shore one by one. The captain came last. He was a heavy man, and the rope was worn; it broke and he dropped into the sea, but men from the shore dashed in and landed him much as they would a great fish. I have been to the wreck. It is a melancholy sight. The vessel was new and cost four thousand five hundred dollars.

This island is as destitute of timber as a prairie, and there are neither fruit nor ornamental trees. It is in this respect desolate enough. If a man

owns a piece of ground on the island, he fences it in, and nobody joins fences with him. The most of the island is common stock. It is held by shares, and is pastured by sheep. If a man owns one share and another a hundred, the one may pasture one sheep and the other one hundred, and so on proportionately. The sheep run at large all over the island, save here and there where a little enclosure is found.

The island constitutes the southeasternmost county of Massachusetts, and is an irregular triangle about fifteen miles east and west, with an average breadth of four miles. The principle business is the manufacture of sperm candles and whale oil. The harbor is deep and secure, being land-locked, with an entrance a quarter of a mile wide. On one of the gate-posts, as it were, is the lighthouse.

The city of Nantucket contains some ten thousand inhabitants. A large proportion of the men have been off on whaling voyages as long as two years, some longer.

The disaster mentioned above occurred on Saturday, the day I had set to come on the island. On our way in we passed another large vessel that was beached in the same storm. Now the sun is shining brightly and it is warm, like summer. Flowers are in blossom in my window as I write.

Such paragraphs as the above, reveal a mind alert to grasp alike stirring incidents and the salient features of an isolated community. But all this is mere relaxation. His work presses, as the letter proceeds to show :

There are several churches here in Nantucket, but the Baptist church is small and weak. I have spent three weeks here, and the second week I preached every evening excepting Saturday, and three times on Sunday. The meetings were maintained with increasing interest to the last. I visited from house to house, and there were many marked manifestations of the Spirit's power. At the last meeting we separated with tears. The record will be met in eternity. I have often felt that as a traveling preacher I might be instrumental in saving more souls than in any other way—but do not borrow trouble, for I shall travel toward home first.

This same thought has occurred to the reader, it may be, as he has followed the preceding narrative. The ease with which Mr. Day captured the confidence and esteem of those to whom he preached, together with the decidedly evangelical tone of his preaching, would seem to indicate that in the role of the modern "evangelist" he would have been very successful.

On the island of Nantucket he is at his greatest distance from family and home, and the domestic affections draw upon him powerfully: "I find great comfort in thinking of our meeting by-and-by; but let us not put our hearts upon it, lest our expectation be cut off. I desire above all things to be useful and to glorify God. How long he will allow me to remain at home I cannot tell;



but this we know, he will make the way plain before us. Be courageous and patient, and wait on the Lord."

And the home pictures fill his imagination. The opening spring reminds him of his favorite seat by the window near the bee-hives, where he has often watched the little toilers: "Give my love to mother. Where does she sit? By my east window near the little busy bees? or does she crowd close to your side at the south window, whence emanate the pantaloons, vests, coats, caps, bonnets, stocks, and overcoats?"

And he is thinking strongly of returning soon :

I am advised to be present at the Home Mission meeting in New York. After that, home, sweet home! I expect to come into Michigan as happy a man as ever walked the deck of a packet. I have been gone so long that the very landscape will look good to me, and it cheers my heart to think of it.

In the summer following Mr. Day's visit to Nantucket, the place was visited by what was known as "the great fire."

News from home again! The church is dedicated. The pastor's yoke of oxen helped pull the house out of the slough of debt. That irrepressible woman who wickedly worked her wrist lame, has *learned to sew with her left hand!* But let her tell it in her own straightforward way :

The meeting-house was dedicated as expected. It was filled to overflowing. Elder Comstock, of Coldwater, preached the dedication sermon, and Elder Kies, of Bronson, preached in the afternoon. It was a very interesting occasion, and your self-denying labors in making such an occasion possible were highly spoken of. Many expressed the wish that you were here. All are very grateful for the results so far, and hope you will have grace to persevere until danger from debt is passed. I have given our yoke of oxen. The trustees will sell them, and apply the proceeds upon the debt.

And here comes a paragraph just as pious as the last, though it is a strictly business communication :

Be sure and send fur and cap trimmings. I have learned to sew with my left hand. I should be greatly disappointed not to receive them, and it would be a great drawback to our resources, as I can sell all I can make now. I am so thankful that I can again do something to help, and will not be a hindrance to you in your work.

Again, and with perfect facility, she slips into religious matters. Mr. Leighton's answer to Mr. Day's request for forgiveness is here :

I have just come from Bro. Leighton's. He is very low, and recognizes but few persons. I received your letter just in time to read it to him while he was rational. He said, "Tell him I for-

give and love him, and wish I could see him before I die."

Word comes now that he has passed away. He revived just before death and talked to each member of the family, giving them Christian advice. He also expressed great anxiety for the church. His will be the first funeral in the new house.

The next letter from Mr. Day after hearing of Leighton's death makes extended reference to that event in terms which finely show us the workings of his mind :

Yours bringing the heavy news of Bro. Leighton's death is at hand. But how sweet is the thought that the corruptible has put on incorruption, and the mortal immortality ! Bro. Leighton has exchanged his residence on earth for a house not made with hands ; he has left our hills and vales to enjoy a heavenly paradise, this country of bars and gates for a land where the gates shall not be shut, for there is no night there. He has exchanged the sterile farm for a city whose streets are paved with gold, the earthly temple for the new Jerusalem, the church militant for the church triumphant. The battle is fought, the victory won. Hear what the Spirit saith : "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and he shall drink of the pure river of the water of life." In humble silence we will bow before God.

Doubtless some curiosity has been roused as to the general success of Mr. Day's mission to the



East. Did he gather up all he undertook? and how much did he undertake to gather? The next portion of his letter answers these questions:

I feel a very sweet satisfaction and am very thankful that in the providence of God I have been able to send to the church more than six hundred dollars—twenty-two more than they sent me for. How the goodness of God has been manifest in our behalf! We shall all laugh for joy by-and-by. Give my warmest love to the trustees.

I would like you to take a receipt for the amount sent, signed by the clerk of the Board of trustees. My reasons are, first, if I should die before my return, you would be able to show from official papers that I did my duty as a faithful servant; second, it is the right way to do business. If they are still in danger from debt, I will send a little more, although it would be at a personal sacrifice. My brethren here say that is my besetting sin, and that I ought to remember myself and my family.

Before closing this chapter, let us have a letter written from Boston, whose chief interest is that it is starred with names honored and dear to the heart of American Baptists:

I had a pleasant trip, arriving at ten in the morning. I called at Bro. Timothy Gilbert's. He has a new wife, is very happy, and made me most welcome. I then called upon Bro. Colver,

and he accompanied me to Bro. Olmstead's, who also greeted me warmly. The latter is now the editor of "The Reflector." I spent the evening with Bro. Neale, and engaged to preach for him part of the day, next Sunday.

I returned to Bro. Gilbert's, and went up, up, up, up, up to bed. In the morning I looked out of the window to see if I could see the ground. I looked down upon the slate roof of a three-story building, and yet lower I could see the tops of men's hats. This (Friday) morning I went in pursuit of Elder Stow, and found him as polite and pleasant as ever. He wished me to preach in the evening, as he has a supply during the day, namely, Elder Dean, from China. I am to preach for Elder Banvard on Sunday morning, and address the Sunday-school. So I shall preach to three congregations on Sunday. May the Holy Spirit assist me, and then all will be well.

On the Sunday following they wish me to preach all day in Tremont Temple. I called on Dr. Sharpe to-day. Dear old gentleman! he is growing old and is somewhat feeble, but I had a pleasant call. My heart is full of praise that I have been permitted to hold communion with such choice spirits.

## IX

### COMPLETING HIS TOUR

Off for New York—A Chinaman Described—In New York—Another Chinaman—In a Home of Wealth—Off for the West—Religious Services on a Canal Packet—How Mrs. Day Saved the Peaches

WE have been entertained by Mr. Day's facility in the description of certain places and events. In his next letter, written from New York, we shall see how thorough were his habits of observation and how excellent his power to reproduce the impressions he had received, as illustrated in his description of the then very rare curiosity, a live Chinaman.

NEW YORK, May 15, 1846.

As the Home Mission Society holds its anniversary a week earlier than I expected, I left Boston on Monday. Brother Dean and his Chinaman were in the company. I gave the latter a seat by my side, and had a good opportunity to study him. His complexion is dark and his skin shines as if oiled, as I think it is. The front of his head is shaven, and the back hair, black, straight, and long, is braided and tied with a ribbon. He wears a close-fitting cap without trimmings or forepiece; the center is gathered and stands up four or five inches, with tassel on

top, all of black. His coat is a sort of tunic, made loose, without a collar, and it fits around the neck like my little girl's apron. His neck is rather long and exposed. He wears the skull cap on the back of his head. His pantaloons are loose and are fulled on the top, and each leg is large enough to put his whole body into. They run to a point like a funnel, and are tied around the ankle. He has a feminine appearance. His eyes are black and round, but the upper eyelids at each outside corner slope down suddenly, giving him a very peculiar expression. It is very interesting to hear him sing and speak.

There is another Chinese expected here this week in company with Brother Shook. He is said to be very intellectual. It is a solemn thought that there are millions of these men entirely ignorant of the eternal world and salvation through Christ. Mr. Dean says he has large assemblies of these men to preach to, but there are never any women in the congregation. Judson, Jones, Kincaid, and Dean are the missionaries present at this meeting.

Four days later New York with its noise and bustle has exhausted our friend, and he cries for home. The crisp antithesis of slave and beggar at the end of the paragraph, was doubtless born in the heart :

This is a beautiful morning. The sun shines brightly, carriages are rattling along over the pavements, horns are blowing, hand-organs playing, street bells are ringing, and the newsboys

are hallooing, "Latest news from Mexico!" I'm tired of the noise and the traveling about. I had rather be a slave at home than a beggar abroad.

His interest in the Chinese is still lively. He gives no other details of the meetings save what concerns these strange men. May 20 he writes:

The meeting to-day was very interesting. Brother Shook was present with his Chinese, who is a literary man. He has been Brother Shook's teacher for seven years. He is now a minister of the gospel at Hong Kong. He addressed the meeting, Brother Shook interpreting. The purport of his remarks was: "God is a great being, everywhere present. Men are sinners, and must soon die as the sun sets at night. Man lives in this life once. Just like the leaves of trees, they fall and hang no more upon them. Men must be born again, or they cannot have eternal life. May the American Christians love to give money and send teachers to my countrymen." The speaker's features were characteristic—eyebrows and cheekbones prominent, eyes large, forehead high, and hair long. When he sits the braid lies in a coil on the seat behind him. On the front of his cap is a peculiar figure in silver cord.

Men of wealth who showed hospitality to the preacher from the West never had a more appreciative guest. All the beautiful things with which they adorned their homes impressed with full effect his observant eye. He thus writes:



I am stopping with a rich man. They say his income is a hundred dollars a day. It does not seem possible he can be so wealthy; but it is plain he has enough of this world's goods. I am given a large and nicely furnished chamber, and the freedom of the sitting room below, where I am now writing. On the east side of this room is a piano, on the south is a stand with three shelves filled with geraniums and flowers of various kinds, on the west side is a large looking-glass, with sofa, clock, chairs, table, etc., while on the north is a fine fireplace and mantel. I am again impressed that money is not necessary to happiness. I think I hear you say, "True, but it is very useful in paying one's debts and helping one to be honest with all men."

And now at last our friend is homeward bound. New York, with its din and stir, its crowded assemblies and palatial homes, is far behind, and we overtake our traveler at Troy, where he takes a packet on the Erie Canal for Buffalo. On the way he has time to write:

We left Troy about eleven o'clock this morning. After we were fully under way I ascertained that there were several ministers on board. I approached the eldest gentleman and asked him if he would preach if suitable arrangements could be made. He said, "No." I asked another. He "wished to be excused." Then one turned and said, "Aren't you a minister?" I said, "Yes." Then he said, "Why don't you preach yourself?"

"I have been active in preparing the way for others, not for myself," said I; "but if no one inclines to preach, we can hold a social meeting and all take part."

Having obtained permission, I gave notice through the boat, and handed a Testament to the eldest clergyman, supposing he would read; but he laid the Testament down, and instead of reading made a few remarks and led in prayer. I followed, and after a few words said, "Let us hear what the Saviour has to say to us," and read part of the fifteenth chapter of John. All were then invited to take part in the meeting. It was a good season, lasting an hour and adjourning to seven P. M.

The evening meeting was well sustained, and lasted until ten o'clock. It was a rare occasion in more senses than one. For a clergyman stated that he had traveled through the Western country many times, and this was the first time he had known of public worship on a packet-boat. Several passengers made a list of the names of the ministers present, and the whole number was fifteen.

Evidently many ministers were returning from the May meetings about the same time with our friend.

This chapter would be incomplete without some fresh illustration of the versatile industry of the prudent helpmeet at home. The chronological location of the following incident is not exactly determined, but it was while the husband was

away from home, and it may have been in this spring of 1846.

The first season in the new country plans were laid for fruit. A fine orchard was planted—apple, plum, cherry, and peach trees. The last-named, especially, proved remunerative.

One spring, when the trees were in full bloom, there were indications of a heavy frost. Mrs. Day was impressed that instead of idly submitting to be robbed by the frost an effort should be made to save the fruit. Under each tree a fire was lighted, and all night she raked the dead leaves and twigs and watched and fed the fires, keeping every tree in the orchard enveloped in a delicate cloud of smoke.

The next day one of the neighbors came in and said, "Well, the frost killed the fruit last night. I looked at my peach blossoms this morning, and they are all black. What were you doing? We saw a smoke over here all the evening, and thought at first the house was on fire; but then I noticed that you seemed to be cleaning up the orchard. You must be getting proud or very enterprising, to work all night; for I got up and looked out after midnight and you were still at it."

Mrs. Day replied, "I thought I would try an experiment, and see if I could save the fruit."

"Save the fruit! Why, did you think you could

warm the whole of St. Joe County with that brush fire of yours?"

"I thought possibly a little smoke under each tree might keep them from getting frosted."

"Well, you'll have a chance to know whether your experiment works, for no one will have any fruit in these parts, if you don't."

Sure enough, she had a chance to know very soon, for the fruit set, and the little peaches were growing every day. Then the trees must needs be propped under each large limb to prevent their breaking, so heavily were they laden. It was in reference to this crop that she wrote:

We did finely with our peaches. When the early ones were ripe a menagerie came along, and they stopped in front of our house to caparison the elephants and camels and make up their procession. The men all wanted peaches, saying these were the only ones they had found. So we sold the finest by the single peach, making a goodly sum.

They suggested that we send a load to town and peddle them to the crowd. We did so, and at night we had more than thirty dollars, with much fruit yet on the trees to ripen.

The show advertised our supply, and people came to us for peaches from all the towns around, even as far as Grand Rapids, where we sold seventy dollars' worth.

## X

### OFF FOR THE FARTHEST WEST

Labors in Michigan—The California Emigration—A Call of Duty—  
Through Illinois and Missouri—Savannah—A Sunday in St.  
Joseph

**I**T was in June, 1846, that Mr. Day returned to "the little house among the peach trees," and tasted again the quiet pleasures of his home. The meeting-house, for the erection of which he had found the material means, became the center of his ministerial labors. But those labors were not limited by the natural boundaries of his home field. His activities as a preacher of the gospel were known and felt in all the neighboring localities. These labors, in the days of hard roads and the primitive inconveniences of pioneer life, meant much expenditure of strength and no little hardship.

Thus did the pendulum of this man's life swing back and forth between wide extremes of experience. He who knew the luxuries of rich homes in Boston, Rhode Island, and New York, where he had been an honored guest, knew also the no less generous but necessarily severe hospitality of the log cabin and the camp in the woods. Like

Paul, he knew how to abound and how to be abased. And we know well, from the record this man made of himself in his familiar letters, that it was a matter of little concern with him as to his personal comfort, if only he might see the work of God move forward.

We pass by more than two and a half years of ministerial work in and about Sturgis that we may follow him as he again breaks away from home to make a longer and more tragic tour than any in which we have yet borne him company.

By the issue of the war between the United States and Mexico, California became a part of our national domain early in 1847. Emigration thither was soon thereafter greatly stimulated by the discovery of gold there. The population of the new territory increased with marvelous rapidity, and there was almost total destitution of religious institutions, especially among the miners.

Mr. Day felt constrained to do what he could to meet this urgent demand. In February, 1849, he joined the procession of those emigrating to the Pacific Coast. He went by the overland route; but instead of waiting until he reached his destination before heralding the gospel, he improved every opportunity that presented itself along the way, preaching in churches, when accessible, and holding services regularly in camp.

We may trace his course of travel and his experiences by aid of the following extracts from his letters to his wife, in which details of the most interesting character appear :

COOK COUNTY, ILL., March 13, 1849.

THURSDAY MORNING.—We are all well, happy, and cheerful. We spent Sabbath in Winchester, Porter County, Indiana, where I preached to an attentive audience.

On the third day we passed the Centerville company. On the sixth day we passed the Mottville teams. On Sunday we rested and they passed us. On Monday night we came up to them again. To-day we are all at work repairing a bridge across the Grand Calumet. We are about five miles west of the Illinois State line. Our wagon tops are good in dry weather, but when it rains they leak like cheese-cloth. Our beds, bedding, and guns are wet, and to-day we have our mattresses, blankets, buffalo robes, etc., spread in the sun to dry.

We are within one day's drive of Chicago. There we hope to get rubber cloth to cover our wagons.

We may well believe it was no small satisfaction to Mr. Day to demonstrate that teams could travel more rapidly by resting one day in seven than by toiling onward every day in the week.

March 14.

This evening I am within three miles of Chi-

cago. I left the company this afternoon to go into Chicago to change our money and to purchase oilcloth coats for the boys. I have a letter in my trunk partly written, but I left it, as I came away in such haste that I did not even put on a collar.

The teams have turned toward the southwest because all bridges in this locality are swept away. There is no passing at present, even with the mail. The damage in Chicago alone is reported to be more than one hundred thousand dollars. The country here, and for miles in every direction, is under water.

Tuesday and Wednesday until noon we were engaged in repairing the bridge across the Calumet. We put strong pins into four bents twenty feet long, and one forty-six feet. We had to cut the timber, hew and draw it, and then plank the whole before we could cross. At ten o'clock today we passed over. The river is about four hundred feet wide and twenty feet deep, with a strong current. It is a toll bridge, and although we boarded and lodged ourselves, and worked like heroes to repair it, the proprietor would allow us nothing, and charged three dollars for hay eaten by the oxen. So much for Illinois.

Some of the party are dreadfully discouraged, and declare we shall be robbed of all we possess by white men long before we meet the Indians on the plains; but I guess not. I have two borrowed revolvers in my pockets, and they will be my bed-fellows to-night.

The errand to Chicago was successfully accom-



plished, the company was rejoined, and the westward journey pursued. The rough life of the camp impressed one of the company at least that they were losing personal tone as they went farther and farther from civilized life. Our correspondent writes :

Bro. Jacobs says, "We are shut out of the world, and are destined to live like savages." "No," said I; "notwithstanding we eat on the ground and sit on the grass (or hay), when Sunday comes we wash, put on clean clothes, and hold religious services." I have an appointment to preach this evening.

We expect to cross the Mississippi at Rock Island about Wednesday. Address me at St. Joseph, Mo. It is all the news I can expect from home before we dive into the wilderness, whither letters cannot follow.

Soon the great river was sighted. Saturday evening they arrived on its eastern bank where they rested over Sunday, holding religious services as usual with much satisfaction. On Tuesday he writes :

Yesterday we crossed the river. We were ferried five miles and landed at Burlington. Report is to the effect that there are now at St. Joseph three thousand teams waiting. Corn is from a dollar to a dollar and a half a bushel. We met a wagon returning yesterday and bought of them their sea-

bread. If reports are true, we shall all wish we were at home.

We are now sixteen miles west of Burlington. I have painted our wagon cover, but it still leaks badly, though not so badly as before. It has rained without cessation all night, and is raining still.

#### ST. JOSEPH, March 27.

We arrived here about twelve o'clock. The shops are stocked with good pilot bread, selling at six dollars per hundred. The weather is very cold; ground frozen hard. Corn is plenty and sells at forty cents. There is a heavy emigration behind us, and prices will advance. We shall go into the country and buy hay and such other things as we need. A few of the emigrants crossed over into the Indian country and one of their oxen was shot to-day. I have held service every Sunday and find congregations attentive.

#### SAVANNAH, MO.

This place is fourteen miles north of St. Joseph, and on the road to Fort Kearney and Council Bluffs. I came here on the day I mailed my last letter. I purchased a stack of hay containing about three tons for fifteen dollars; also fifty bushels of corn at forty cents per bushel.

I was in St. Joseph day before yesterday. The streets were alive with emigrants purchasing outfits. The boats are doing a great business, with high fares. The overland route is the cheapest, safest, and for the most part healthy. The cholera is prevalent on the Missouri. By it two California gangs have lost members.

We are thinking of going to the Bluffs and taking the northern route to Fort Laramie. Savannah is a healthy village six miles from the river and surrounded by a rich farming country. From this place St. Joseph draws much of her "roughness," a Western phrase which means straw, hay, oats, and coarse grain. Oats sell at thirty-seven cents per bushel, corn at fifty, bacon and ham (smoked) at four and five cents per pound, sea or pilot bread at five dollars per barrel.

These details of the cost of provision are preserved because they supply reliable data for the making of comparisons between those days and these, as well as show the expense that was involved then in a trans-continental journey.

The Presbyterian Presbytery held its sessions here last week. The meeting was very pleasant, but few in the town could attend, as every house was filled with emigrants and visitors. I am expected to preach for the Presbyterians next Sunday.

Old Fort Kearney is the place where we expect to cross the Missouri. Up the Platte River, at the head of Grand Island, is Fort Childs, now called Fort Kearney. This place is three hundred miles above Old Fort Kearney. I am thus specific lest you get confused in respect to the two places.

The season is very backward. No grass is to be seen, and we are waiting for more springlike weather. Some two or three weeks ago some daring men crossed the Missouri, carrying corn and

oats. When these were exhausted, and they could not gather rushes for their horses, they peeled cottonwood trees and fed the bark. They reached Fort Kearney, when eighteen inches of snow fell, with very cold weather. Their teams died of hunger, and the men made their way back to the States as best they could.

The weather is very cold. It froze hard last night. Our folks are getting impatient to be rolling on. Corn is now selling at one dollar a bushel, and hay is "mighty scarce and mighty dear," as the phrase is. Missouri folk use the adjective "mighty" in common conversation where we would use the word "very." Where we would say "great" they say "powerful."

The stories circulating as to depredations upon emigrant trains created some anxiety as to the personal safety of this company, and in deference to the wishes of his companions the preacher bought and carried a revolver. But he is more intent on wielding the sword of the Spirit than on the use of carnal weapons, as witness the remaining lines of the letter :

A week ago Sunday I preached all day in Savannah ; also on Thursday evening. Last Sunday I had invitations to preach in four different churches : Presbyterian, Campbellite, United Baptist, and the "Two-Seed" Baptist—God the one seed, the devil the other. I go to St. Joseph on Friday and hold meetings there on Saturday and Sunday. I shall write once more before I leave.

I am about to undertake a perilous journey. Do not borrow trouble: the same Divine hand that guides you at home will lead me on the plains.

Thus while waiting for the weather to become more propitious for setting out across the plains the preacher does not neglect his vocation.

April 27.

I am now seated in the house of Bro. Henderson Smallwood, in St. Joseph. I attended covenant meeting this afternoon, and am to preach this evening and to-morrow morning and administer the Lord's Supper.

Steamboats are coming into St. Joseph, three and four a day, each with three hundred or four hundred passengers California bound. The lower deck is filled as closely as they can stow them with horses and mules, and the upper deck with wagons and men. Some are playing cards, some fiddling, some drinking, others dying, all at the same time and on the same boat. The streets of St. Joseph are so thronged with men and animals that you cannot tell which way the mass is moving.

The reader should bear in mind what is likely to be quite forgotten in these days when the plains have been narrowed, carpeted, and upholstered by the luxurious trains that speed across them, that then to the toil and the frequent illnesses of the long, slow journey over desolate wastes was added the ever imminent peril from savages, who often surrounded and destroyed the insufficiently pro-

tected trains of emigrants. These facts grow upon the perception of our traveler, and he says: "I realize the dangers, but have no misgivings. I can account for this equanimity only on the ground that I am doing my duty."

April 28.

I have been sixty-eight days from home. I wish I could see you all before I start on.

We had excellent meetings to-day—morning, afternoon, and evening. The house was full. I had one of my best seasons, speaking on the text, "Ye are bought with a price." The communion season was of deep interest to all. There were several present who were going West, among others the pastor and deacon. We all felt that it might be the last time that we should eat of this bread or drink of this cup until we taste it new in the kingdom of God. I think I never enjoyed a communion season more in the thirty-three years that I have professed religion. May I never lose the savor of this day.

## XI

### ACROSS THE PLAINS

Across the Prairies—A Mishap Remedied—Fort Kearney—Crossing the Platte River—Indian Villages—Fort Laramie—The Black Hills—On the Sweetwater—South Pass—Wagons Abandoned—A Letter From Home

WE now come to the story of the toils and dangers of the journey across the plains. As has already been seen, Mr. Day was a good letter-writer. Most of the details that follow will serve to make a permanent record of the difficulties and hardships attending the formidable undertaking of making one's way from the Mississippi to the Pacific slope forty-five years ago.

Monday, April 29, we left for old Fort Kearney, on the Missouri. Wednesday we encamped near the Iowa State line. We expect to reach the fort to-morrow. We are eighteen miles from there now. We are obliged to walk, as the animals are heavily loaded with grain.

I do not know when I can send this letter to you, as we pass no more post-offices. I shall depend upon meeting some one to send by, and that is very uncertain. Do not look for letters. Receive this as a last communication for the present, and may the peace of God rest upon you, and the

communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all for ever and ever. Amen.

MAY 8. We have just come upon the Platte River bottom. Grass is poor. Near sunset we passed a Pawnee village of about fifty lodges, all deserted for fear of the Sioux, with whom they are at war.

We have just met a government train returning from Fort Childs. They say there are no less than two thousand wagons ahead of us. This statement I cannot credit. There may be a good many, but we are in advance of the great body of emigration, and I cannot think teams could live in this region earlier unless they have grain. Our teams are suffering for want of grass, and we are lying by now to give them a chance to browse. Our grain is all gone. We have in our train only three wagons and sixteen men. Before we left Missouri I advised buying an extra wagon and loading it with corn. The company thought otherwise. As a result we loaded one wagon too heavily, and we packed on the backs of eight horses all they could carry. I drove the wagon to the Missouri River, which we reached on the third of May. The river had risen the previous night four feet, and the wind was high. The crossing was so difficult that the teams in advance of us did not dare to pass over. I readily got consent of all to let my team try it. We had as handsome a trip over as any man could wish and at four o'clock we were in this territory. The same evening we continued our journey, outward bound, the happiest company you can well imagine; for it had looked as if we might be detained a week or more, and now we are rolling on.



Saturday, Sunderland wished to drive the wagon and ride. I told the company the wagon would not stand the extra weight. He persisted, and in the afternoon the wagon went down. Upon examination we found the skeins on both sides of the axletree were broken square off. You can hardly imagine our trouble. To send a man back to Savannah would take two or three weeks, and the company divided would not be sufficient to guard the wagon and the horses against the Indians. At length we set to work, cut the axletree, put the wheel farther on, and changed the broken skeins end for end. There were holes in the other end of each into which we put rivets for linch-pins. Then we filed notches in the side of the skeins, and, having placed them, we drove the bands on and nailed them, driving the nails into the filed notches of the skeins, and thus we were mended and moved on.

We have since then passed a number of abandoned wagons, and we procured and swung an extra axletree under the wagon to be used if necessary. Last evening I preached to a congregation of thirty persons, from 2 Cor. 5:20: "We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

Since we crossed the Missouri we find the country a vast prairie. The Platte Valley is in places ten miles or more wide, with grass in spots. When we find a good growth we stop and give the animals a chance to graze. There is no timber on this side of the river, but on the islands there is a growth of cotton-wood and a scrub cedar. The river is from one to four miles wide, and looks

like a pond with the water drawn off. The sand can be seen in spots as far as the eye can reach up or down the river.

MAY 13. Yesterday before sunrise the wolves gave us a tune in long howls. To-day we saw antelopes and wolves, and eight head of buffalo. The boys chased them but the buffalos escaped. At the junction of the St. Joseph and Kearney roads we found a large encampment in continuous line four miles long. We encamped at five o'clock in the afternoon without grass for the horses. This morning we harnessed at dawn and drove out on the flats until we found grass, and had our horses grazing before sunrise.

We all went down to the river bank, a mile away, to cut willow sticks to cook with and to get water. A cry arose :

"Halloo! halloo! Stop those horses!"

A lot of horses had broken loose and were coming under full tilt.

"Are our horses picketed?"

"Billy is not."

"Take a lariat and secure him; quick!"

On the St. Joseph road eleven horses had taken fright and had run away. It is said they belonged to one man who had his family with him.

MAY 14. Fort Kearney consists of four two-story houses and three turf or sod buildings used for magazines and stores. There are two enclosed gardens. The enclosure is made of sod and ditches. Major Chilson has command of about three hundred men, one-half of whom are now out. Mrs. Chilson, a pretty woman, is a sister of Stevens

T. Mason, one of the early governors of Michigan. The soldiers are generally at work, some on duty, some sawing lumber, some gardening. The emigrant post-office is fitted with seats and tables for writing. The postmaster keeps a book in which he registers the name of the captain of each company that calls.

We left Fort Kearney about eleven o'clock. Since the junction of the St. Joseph and Fort Kearney emigrations the road is lined for miles with wagons. On Monday ours was the four-hundredth that had passed that day, and there were no less than a hundred behind us.

Grass is pastured short. Wherever a green spot is found men stop and unharness. Hence every hour in the day some are encamped and others are moving on. There seems to be little strife. Every man turns out or takes up his team when he pleases. There are few organizations, but as a rule they seem to be in squads.

There is comparatively no timber, except little clusters in obscure, damp hollows. The timber near the route, where water is low enough to make it accessible, is trimmed or the tops entirely cut off to feed the mules or oxen of emigrants who were on the road too early for the grass.

We encamped this afternoon at two o'clock, and men have been camping around us all the afternoon. It is now after five and the emigration is still to be seen in every direction rolling on. The wagons on the north side of the Platte have been visible all day. They are not so numerous as on this side of the river.

MAY 16. The country through which we are

now passing is more sandy and the bluffs are more irregular, running up into quite sharp points.

MAY 17. To-day it has been, much of the way, up hill, and the bluffs have disappeared. About four o'clock we turned north and came to the Platte River, South Fork, and found it a mile or more across. A gentleman crossed on horseback, and two wagons went in before us. Then our wagon and horseman followed. I drove. We had the ponies at the wheels. They worked too hard, and the leaders did not pull steadily. One of the traces broke and the bay pony began to sink and lay down. I jumped into the water and called for the boys to come to my assistance. The wagon was sinking into quicksands. We got the horses free from the wagon. I took the tongue and each man a wheel and we succeeded in moving it about its length. We then got our horses hitched on, and with every man lifting at the wheels we started again. I was on foot driving, but the horses walked too fast for me and I tried to get hold of the wagon, but did not succeed. We dared not stop the horses, lest all should begin to sink again. One of the men lost his gun. I lost my compass and inkstand. We were now about half a mile from shore. We made for a little island, but before we reached it the little pony began to give out again. But I plied the whip to the leaders and kept the wheels rolling, and we reached the island and rested. Then we plunged in again, reached another island and rested again. At last we found ourselves upon the north shore. Provisions and everything else in the wagon were

dry and in good order. Never did I feel such gratitude for an earthly blessing as I did for our escape with our stores.

We were alone, for the teams that had traveled with us stopped because they were so heavily laden. We found thirty or forty teams on the north side of the river, the parties of three or four of which have agreed to travel with us. They are from Ohio. We are much pleased with their appearance. We all have light wagons, and can get on faster than those more heavily burdened.

MAY 18. We are now moving toward Fort Laramie. There has been no rain in this region for a long time. The ground is very dry, and the grass, what little there is, is pastured short. Our animals are getting thin. Oxen and horses are dropping by the wayside and dying under their burdens. This is counted nothing uncommon here. We have two horses to each man, hence our teams are better able to perform their tasks than most in the emigration. If I could induce the company to lie over, as the necessities of the case require, the animals would recruit some, but they cannot bear to stop when others are passing.

MAY 20. We saw two wolves this afternoon. We have had two meals of buffalo steak, the sweetest and best wild meat I ever ate, but I wish I could have slipped a slice upon your plate and taken a good potato in its place. This afternoon we saw four Indians on two ponies. A little before sunset we had a visit from Chief Smoke. He and his men shook hands with us, then they seated

themselves in a line, the chief in the center. Then they spread a blanket on the ground to receive presents. For our share we gave a pan of pilot bread. The other companies did what they pleased and the Indians left us before dark.

MAY 21. They were Sioux. We passed their first village this morning. It had about thirty wigwams. About eleven o'clock we passed another, and toward night the third, with some twenty-five wigwams. I visited each village and shook hands with a good many of their people, giving the papooses pieces of pilot-bread. They are fleshy and healthy-looking folks and appeared very friendly. In some of the tents squaws were manufacturing moccasins, stringing beads, and embroidering very pretty articles. They would not sell a pair of moccasins for a dollar, but would exchange them for half a dozen pieces of pilot bread.

MAY 22. This forenoon we had sandy, hard wheeling. This afternoon we have paused to attend to our washing and mending.

MAY 23. To-day we passed Court-house Rock, and are now encamped seventy-five miles east of Fort Laramie, and within two miles of Chimney Rock. The base of it may be three hundred feet in diameter, and the main rocks seem about two hundred feet high, with a chimney twenty by thirty feet running up one hundred feet higher. It is in most excellent proportion.

The distances here are surprising. Several

times we have thought we were within half a mile of a rock and have found it to be four or five miles distant. The grass is excellent, and we have this consolation: our team is in as good condition as the best and is improving. Alkali is plentiful all along the route. Our boys shot a rabbit and wounded a wolf to-day. It yelped like a hurt dog, and such I really thought it was.

MAY 26. At Fort Laramie. We were ferried over the river without difficulty, but the water is rising. We raised our wagon box and blocked it as high as we could. The water is eight feet deep in the North Branch. In crossing it the ferry boat sank, and horses and men were thrown promiscuously into the water. The current is very strong and muddy. One man was drowned, and his body will probably never be found. There are many wagons blockaded, which cannot pass until the water falls. If there were any timber they could soon make a raft or a boat.

Up to date this season the Fort Laramie record shows that one thousand four hundred and one wagons have crossed the river *en route* to California. The road has averaged the best I have ever seen in a new country. It is much better on the plains than in Iowa or Missouri. For about a hundred miles we have been in a prickly pear district. At first the plants were scattering, but at length became as frequent as corn hills in Michigan. We passed another lodge of Indians to-day. The squaws were dressed in long, blue calico dresses. They seemed quite happy and were astonishingly neat in their appearance.

Our mended wagon gives no sign of weakness. We think we have a good supply of provisions: twenty pounds of bacon and ham to the man, and this week we bought an additional forty pounds of ham, and our supply of pilot bread is ample.

MAY 27. I visited the fort to-day, and found Major Sanderson a gentleman of prepossessing appearance. He has presented me with a new ink-stand, and gives me the privilege of leaving my letters to be forwarded in his private package. The garrison contains about two hundred men—two companies of mounted riflemen and one company known as the Sixth Infantry. Six of the officers have their families with them. The chaplain, Rev. Mr. Vaux, arrived yesterday.

MAY 31. The Black Hills are composed of earth and sandstone, in color resembling leached ashes. They are covered with scrub pine and cedar, giving them a "black" appearance. Laramie Point is covered with snow. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday we were in sight of it. We are now on the south bank of the Platte, ninety miles west of the garrison.

JUNE 1. We are encamped in a hollow in sight of the Platte on the north and snow-crowned mountains on the south. We have to travel fifty miles to reach Sweetwater River. The road is sandy and there is no good water excepting at Willow Spring, which is half-way.

JUNE 6. The valley through which we are pass-



ing is from one to ten miles wide. It is highly saturated with alkali. There are acres of crystallized saleratus. When it is cut with a knife it looks like alum or rock salt, but it soon disintegrates and becomes a powder.

JUNE 8. We crossed the Sweetwater River twice. The valley is narrow, the mountains on the north being not so high as those on the south. There is a mountain at our left handsomely clothed with pine. The hills of earth contrast finely with those of rock which we have been passing. The valleys are covered with sage and a prickly bush which I call gooseberry. The sage grows in bunches and there is very little grass among it.

JUNE 9. ON THE SWEETWATER RIVER, ROCKY MOUNTAINS. To-day is Sunday in the United States, and there the church bells may be heard from many a temple, and to the house of God thousands resort for worship. Here our ears are saluted with the murmur of the river which rolls by on three sides of the little peninsula on which we are encamped, and the occasional howl of a wolf in the mountains, either of which is sweet music when compared with the bustle and noise of the camp. Yesterday we wound our way up long, steep hills until we came to this place. On this plateau are three alkali ponds and one spring of sweet cold water. Within less than twenty rods from where I write snow lies to a depth of six feet. Still, it is summer where we are, and a refreshing shower is falling. I have plucked two mountain flowers, which I enclose to you. I could

send you fifty varieties. There are three varieties of prickly pear; one with the flat leaf; another round, and about the size of a goose egg, with little protuberances, upon each end of which is a mass of needles, so close together that they pass each other in a network resembling spiders' webs. The third sort is globular as a whole, but made up of a bundle of little cucumber growths fastened together at the small end, but as uniformly covered with pricklers as are the other varieties. I cut the second variety, and it looked like a red-cored watermelon, but was more sticky. There are many things new to me.

Our little train of four wagons is reduced to three. Our Ohio friends abandoned one wagon and put all their stores upon two, doubling their teams, hoping by this means to keep up with us. We are within twenty miles of the South Pass, and expect to go over to-morrow.

JUNE 12. I preached last evening on the west bank of the middle branch of the Sweetwater. "And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things" (Isa. 25:6), was the text.

JUNE 14. GREEN RIVER. South Pass is about twenty miles wide, not rocky nor stony, but of light sandy soil, with abundance of wild sage and some grass. We would not know that we are on a mountain from anything to be seen. On our right mountain tops run to the clouds; they are much lower on our left. Rain is frequent here. The clouds follow the mountains while the valleys

and plains suffer from drought. I would think it a hundred miles across this elevated plateau. The air is perceptibly light. From eleven A. M. to three P. M. it is hot, and at night freezing cold. As a result a number of our men are sick with mountain fever. I have watched the horses all night two nights in succession.

We are on the road to Salt Lake, entirely alone, as the Ohioans took the sublet cut-off. The grazing is better this way than on the north road, but it is poor enough here. Green River is a rapid stream, from eight to ten feet deep, and twenty rods wide. Day before yesterday a raft came down from the crossing on the sublet cut-off with a wagon box and a man in it drowned. This is the second day we have waited to get across.

Our animals are doing well and we have abundance of provisions. We sold thirty pounds of bread to the ferrymen. They charge us four dollars toll per wagon and one dollar per head for ferrying us over. Since we have been here they have raised the price to five dollars for a wagon, one dollar and twenty-five cents for a horse and no pack, one dollar and fifty cents for a horse and pack.

SALT LAKE VALLEY, June 27.

We leave here to-day with no wagon. We pack through from this point.

We have now followed our traveling preacher half-way from St. Joseph to his destination on the Pacific coast. Before ending this chapter we will hear from the good wife, changing the scene from Utah to Michigan. We have not yet been made

acquainted with the entire round of Mrs. Day's activities. In those days it was not necessary to secure a license in order to practise medicine. Before leaving the East she had provided herself with several medical compendiums, a case of medicines, and a few surgical instruments, that she might treat her own family should occasion arise. But she cared for others also, never denying the requests of the poor, whom she treated without charge. The well-to-do she turned over to regular practitioners. She writes :

A few weeks ago what was my surprise to see Mr. Page, the hardware merchant, drive to our door in a covered carriage with Mrs. Page and Baby Clayton. Mrs. Page was too feeble to walk and had to be carried into the house. It seems the doctor said Mrs. Page must have a change and good nursing or she would not get well. And so they came without giving me a chance to say yes or no. She was no sooner well enough to go home, than Mrs. Haines came and stayed two weeks.

As to work, we have done a variety. Mother is contented and happy. She brought with her harness, reeds, cards, reel, etc., and I have had warping bars and loom made. Mr. Duesler is very handy about making things, and I sketched the parts, and while they are not handsome the bars and loom do good service.

Although mother is fond of weaving, she never learned to "lay out" a piece ; that is, she does not know how many pounds of warp are needful

for a given number of yards of cloth. I counted threads and then unraveled some old goods to see how much is taken up by filling in a yard, and my first estimate was very nearly correct. I have no trouble now. And so we have a new carpet for your room (mother's weaving), and we have made a beautiful one in bright colors for Mrs. Petty.

We find it very profitable to manufacture our own wool—carding, spinning, and weaving. We have by this means gotten a good supply of blankets, and one very pretty piece of red and blue check, which made the children warm and durable dresses for the winter. We colored another piece black and took it to Flander's mill and had it fulled and finished. It looks almost as well as broadcloth. Mother is now planning a piece extra fine for a new suit of clothes for you. She brought her flax-wheel and hetchel, and will hardly be satisfied until she has made some linen, but the flax we sowed did not do very well. The season was not favorable.

We have an offer for the east half of the farm, and I think it best to sell. What do you say? The man, a Mr. Cook, is the first German to settle in this part of the country. He understands very little English, but I gathered from what he said that he will try to turn the whole into a German garden—vines, vegetables, and fruits. If I sell, I shall rent the rest of the farm and move into the village, where the children will have better school advantages and be at home too.

In reply to this letter, Mr. Day wrote: "Yes, sell

anything and everything, excepting mother and the children." Accordingly, Mrs. Day sold, moved into the village, invested in several small cottages to good advantage, and kept the children in the village school until they had completed its curriculum. She then moved to Kalamazoo, making a home for them and four other young people who wished to avail themselves of the opportunity of study in the Kalamazoo College.

Mrs. Day was no monopolist. She taught several neighbors to "lay out pieces," and to weave. Others she taught to make stocks and caps, and yet others to make slippers and gaiter-boots. It was her greatest pleasure to fulfill the Scripture injunction, "Do good and communicate."

## XII

### THE JOURNEY COMPLETED

"A Stranger in a Strange Land"—Salt Lake City—Preaching in "the Bowery"—At Brigham Young's House—Lake and Mountains—Alone in the Wilderness—Quicksands—Crossing the Nevada Range—Care of Horses—Horses Sold—Nearly Exhausted—At Sacramento City

WE come now to a story of hardships which, while it shows what our friend suffered, pictures yet more graphically the hard experiences of large numbers of men who perished while seeking their El Dorado.

CALIFORNIA, August 4.

It is thought by good judges that there are not three rods of undug mining ground to a man in California. The emigrants are still coming in, and there is great suffering and many deaths. At a little place called Hangtown, or Placerville, there are from seven to seventeen deaths per day. Two acres of ground are now filled with graves. Thousands here would be glad of a place in which to sleep.

They do not build even temporary structures, because they do not know where they can find gold, and are out of money. It rained last night, and we had to walk about all night to keep warm. Some had buffalo robes, some blankets,

some one thing, some another, and thus walking or standing under a tree or rock, we waited for the morning. "California! It is the biggest humbug ever gotten up," is what most of them say, and many of them will get out of the country quicker than they got in.

The amount of mining work done in so short a time is a surprise. River beds, creek bottoms, and dry ravines are dug over, and rocks are examined and their little crevices scraped with knives. Inexperienced men come and dig the same ground right over again.

About seven miles up Weaver Creek we passed not less than a thousand men. We stayed all night and examined their "rockers," and thought the average per man must be about three dollars a day.

#### COLD SPRING, ELDORADO CO., October 27.

My house was finished on the 21st, your birthday. It is eight feet square, and has a good fireplace. Mr. Aaron Gillhams, of Sturgis, is my messmate. Below is our inventory.<sup>1</sup>

You may wonder why I have not written more frequently. I will answer. I was a stranger in a strange land, and almost destitute. From the time I left Salt Lake, June 23 until October 11, I slept in the open air on the ground. From that time I slept in a tent, bought for sixteen dollars, until the house was finished. When I first arrived and stopped traveling I found myself nearly worn

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<sup>1</sup>Seven hundred pounds of flour at \$17 per hundred, \$119.00; seventy-six pounds of bacon at 40c., \$30.40; half a barrel of pickles, \$26.62. Total, \$176.02.



out. My hands cramped so that I could not hold a pen. I walked and rubbed them until I was somewhat rested. I sent you a line as soon as I could write. I am not now so fleshy as I was, measuring eight inches less about the waist; but my heart is now at rest.

h/ A man in Caloma, six miles from here, shot his wife, and was hung for it the same day. This week at Placerville, or Hangtown, one man stabbed another. The people had a sort of trial by jury, and as soon as their verdict, "guilty," was brought in, the miners put a rope around his neck and throwing it across the limb of a tree hoisted him right up. I did not know of these things until they were over.

It is rumored that the Indians have commenced hostilities. Some miners have been killed and four or five others taken prisoners. The sheriff of the county is raising a company of volunteers to give them battle. I know not what the result will be, but I give myself no uneasiness, and hope to have no occasion to display military skill.

Are potatoes dug in Michigan? "Oh, yes, long ago," you reply. Well, go and dig the ground over and see how many you can get in a day. That is gold digging in California.

Love to all.—Gershom. Exod. 2 : 22 : "And he called his name Gershom : for he said, I have been a stranger in a strange land."

After giving us this touch of life on the border of California, our correspondent goes back and completes the unfinished part of the story of his journey from Utah to the Pacific slope.

December 1.

I forwarded a letter to you from the Missouri River, another from the plains, a third from Fort Kearney, a fourth from Salt Lake, a fifth, a sixth, and a seventh from California. The letter mailed at Salt Lake closed abruptly. I wished to write more about the city, and will do so now.

The streets, six rods wide, run at right angles to each other, and each has a stream of water for irrigating the gardens. The houses are adobe (composed of clay blocks molded eighteen inches long, twelve wide and six deep), usually one story high, and containing but one or two rooms. Some of the more wealthy have fashionable, two-story houses. The city is about three miles long. The fort, where they first established themselves, is mostly demolished. We spent six days here. I preached on the Sabbath to a very large and respectable congregation, who listened with fixed attention. After I was through speaking, one of "the twelve" (they were all upon the rostrum) arose and spoke for some time.

Their "bowery," as they call their house of worship, is about a hundred feet long and eighty wide, six feet at the eaves; the roof is supported by three rows of posts, twelve deep, thirty-six in all, inside the walls. The singers stand behind the preacher's desk, and a brass band and a bass drum are behind the singers. At the close of the service, while the people were passing out, the band played a lively tune.

While I was looking about, some one slapped my shoulder and exclaimed, "How do you do?" I looked around, and there stood Elder Stocker,

formerly pastor at Sturgis. He said, "Follow me; I wish to talk with you." I tried to keep up with him, but when I got out I could not find him. I have not seen him since.

President Brigham Young invited me to call at his house, and I spent Sabbath evening with him and several of his elders. I agreed to preach again next Sabbath if we stayed so long. President Young is a gentleman, and, I think, a Christian. He is very sociable, intelligent, and easy in his bearing. In the evening, before retiring, the family came in and engaged in worship, in which I was invited to participate. In the morning at worship he led in prayer, and he and his wife sang a beautiful hymn, as they had done the evening before. I was most favorably impressed with his religious devotions. Mrs. Young is an intelligent woman, and manages her household with honor to herself. I was never more cordially treated, and was never in a position to appreciate it more.

The California company thought it best to break up here, and we did so with good feeling and to the satisfaction of each. So far as possible each person took two horses, one to pack and one to ride.

From the city we traveled along the base of the mountains, the valley on our left. Occasionally we crossed little mountain rivulets, and at length we came to a large spring of warm sulphur water in which I took a bath. A few miles farther north we came to another, so hot that we could not hold our hands in it.

The second day, Salt Lake lay at our left, and

snow-capped mountains were on our right. It seems as if Salt Lake Valley were fenced in by mountains covered with snow. We followed the margin of the lake around to the north, and were ferried across Bear River. This was July 3rd. On the fourth we passed over the hills, and Salt Lake was lost to view.

The water was so warm and brackish through this region that when our horses were suffering from thirst they could only taste of it. We longed for the pure and rippling streams flowing from the mountains east of Salt Lake. As we scaled the western summits the scenery was grand beyond description. We seemed to be looking into a valley of mountain-tops, with deep and dark ravines. The tops of the mountains were as flat as a table.

On the 9th we came to a little valley known as Goose Creek, containing good grass and water, but a very dangerous ford. On the tenth we crossed the Humboldt or St. Mary's River. The water came well up the sides of the horses. Here horses, oxen, men, and mules are often drowned.

Two or three days before I came to this river, I was riding along on the plain ahead of the train to avoid dust. I occasionally cast my eye back, and noticed that my pony was gaining on the rest. I thought I would stop at the first good browsing. It was almost night when I stopped, and the wagons were in full view; but when they came up, I found them to be strangers. I looked after my horses, spread my buffalo robe by the roadside and slept until morning. I was there until nearly noon, waiting in vain for the rest of

the party. But fearing to remain alone longer in one locality, I started on. I had a pleasant ride until reaching the Humboldt River. There was no grass, and I crossed and went down the river four or five miles, and turned out the horses a little before night. I inquired of those passing if any had seen our train. "No!" "No!" I began to think they had passed while I slept; but Mr. Brown, who had traveled with our train, came up and said they were some miles back. I swam the river several times to cut grass for the horses. It is three or four rods wide, the water high and the banks steep. The rivers disappear in the sand often and the animals, tired and weak, step in and cannot get out.

There seemed to be more suffering on the Humboldt flats than on the plains. Some twenty-five miles before we came to this quicksand, we crossed a meadow with good grass. Here we cut enough to last our horses seventy-five miles. I bound my hay in small bundles with bands of grass, packed them on each side of the horse, and threw the buffalo robe over to keep off the dust. The others thought I had better go on, and they would follow. I reached the sink a little before night. They came up in the night and camped. In the morning they were still asleep when I started across the fifty-mile desert alone. A portion of the way the road was easy, but at length the sand became deep, and I passed horses, mules, and oxen dead and dying. Deserted wagons were standing by the roadside with the faithful dogs under them. Just before sunset I passed a wagon from Mishawaka which had been in our train.

Messrs. Jonathan Waltham, Thomas Lace, and others belonged with it. They had been on the desert a day and a night, and their horses were exhausted and could go no farther. On this fatal spot they left everything excepting what they could carry on their backs.

I reached Carson City early in the evening, watered and fed my horses, lay down on my buffalo robe thankful, and slept. I stayed here several days to recruit my horses. Mr. Ray, of Niles, came up and told me the rest of our train were making money hauling water and peddling it to emigrants, and had decided to stay some weeks while their business was good. I was indeed alone, but went ahead.

Carson River Valley was a delight. I saw trees and green leaves for the first time since leaving home. It seemed as if I had entered upon an earthly paradise. But we (that is, the horses and I) could not stay here. We must march out upon the plains again without grass, wood, or water save what we could carry. Some of these desert strips were thirty miles long. At night I generally encamped near other emigrants.

One night I found a willow swale, and it was such good browsing I tied my horses to the bushes and changed their places several times before I lay down for the night. I did not know that another human being was within a mile or two of me, but my horses did well and I slept soundly. I was never in the habit of watching my horses, though those of others got away or were stolen. I always felt that nothing would happen to mine.

To return to my narrative: I was one of the

fortunates, for many lost all, others died on the way, others were killed by the Indians. When we came to the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains it looked very forbidding. We traveled south some twenty-five or thirty miles before we could find a way up. Along the road in many places living streams flow and grass grows even in winter, and stock live without care or shelter.

I started into the mountains alone, following a cañon through which flows one of the branches of the Carson River. About sunset I came to a plateau of eighty or a hundred acres. I crossed the river, turned out the horses, ate my frugal supper, and went to bed in a crevice between two rocks just wide enough for a man to lie straight. In the night I awoke and listened for the horses. Not hearing them, I built a fire so that I could find my way back, and walked up and down and around, but could hear nothing. The night was dark. I was afraid the Indians had taken them, but I went back to my nest between the rocks and slept until near morning. As soon as I could see I began looking in earnest and with aching heart. I was going on without them when I discovered them under cover of some large bushes.

The road lay up the mountain and, considering the place, was remarkably good. I came to a muddy place where were several dead horses. Mine had not gone his length before he was fast up to his body and my feet were in the mud on either side. I sprang off, and he lay still until I was out of the way, and when I spoke to him he made two or three struggles and was out, to my great thankfulness.

In crossing Carson River I fell in all over, but I proceeded up the mountain, which was in some places so steep that I was compelled to crawl on hands and feet. At the time I thought this must be the highest point. I descended by a crooked and lonely trail, until I came to a plain four or five miles in diameter, covered with grass and well watered. Here I found a trading post. I felt so hungry for sugar, I tried to buy a pound, but they charged a dollar and a half, so I denied myself.

While I was baiting my horses, a man whom I had passed on the plains saw me in the distance and came up to me. So we traveled together, now climbing steep rocks, then descending into deep ravines.

At length we came to a great cañon, the west side of which was bounded by a high mountain covered with snow. At first we could not see any possible way over it, but as we trudged along we found a way around it to the southwest, and could see in the distance here and there a wagon, a footman, a horseman plodding through the snow, apparently far above where we were.

We overtook the wagons at length. They had doubled teams, six and eight yoke of oxen to one wagon, and they whipped the teams and bawled at them and swore at them enough to make one heart-sick. The oxen were very weak and famished, and as we passed them they looked wistfully after us with almost human despair. When a horse could go no farther they killed it and left it in the roadway, and the next team that came would shovel snow upon it and drive over the best way it could be done.



At last we reached the summit of the Nevada Mountains, and were much perplexed, for besides the road there was a trail to the right. We talked it over, and finally concluded to take the road. Those who were with me told me to go ahead and they would follow. I started on, but when they were ready to start it was found that one of their party had set out on the trail, so they all followed him, and I was again alone.

The weather was cold. It froze hard as soon as the sun was down. I needed much more clothing than I had. When darkness came I was at a place called Leek Spring, so named because of the leeks growing by the water. There was no grass for my poor horses. I tied them to trees and laid myself down by a log until morning.

At dawn I started on, and came to a trading post. Still craving sugar, I tried again to buy. It was a dollar a pound, and again I denied myself. Here I met my company again. There was no grass. They told us we would find it six miles ahead. We concluded to go on until we found food for our horses, and then to turn out. We soon came to another trading post, and inquired how far it was to grass.

"Forty miles! You passed grass two miles back."

I could not persuade the company to go back, and I would not drive my poor horses forty miles without food. So I went back alone and found, a half-mile from the main road, good water and tender buffalo grass on a southern slope. This was a secluded spot which the emigration had not found.

I was a little afraid of the Indians, so I built three large bonfires of logs to give an appearance of several campers, to intimidate the Indians in case they should discover me. I had a good night's rest, and the next morning, bright and early, started on a gentle trot, the horses feeling fresh and free.

Before noon I overtook my companions. They were walking, and whipping their starved horses to keep them going. They wanted to know if I had come from grass that morning.

"Yes. There is a great gain in taking good care of your horses."

I rode on, telling them as nearly as I could where I would camp for the night. There was not a blade of grass along the way, and trees had been cut down for mules, horses, and oxen to browse. A little before night I finished the journey I had planned and camped in a valley with dead horses scattered all about. Some time in the night the company came in. Here another of their horses died, and they had exhausted their provisions. I gave them two pans of bread and then went in search of my horses. I had a long hunt, and when I came back the company had departed. I found one of their buffalo robes and put it on my pack horse to take to them, but it slipped off and was lost.

During the day I came to another trading post, where good sugar was sold for seventy-five cents the pound. I bought a pound and ate it all by nibbles.

Here I left the main road and went south in search of grass. I passed three Indians. I found

poor grazing, but turned my horses loose and built a good fire and lay down at the base of a great oak tree and slept soundly. In the morning I woke early and searched far and near for my horses but could not find them. I concluded the Indians must have taken them. I made a conditional bargain with a trader to take my saddles, and set forward afoot, but thought I would go up the mountain side and take one more look for the horses. I did so, and a little distance away, behind some bushes, discovered them, one cast and the other standing by. About noon I was journeying on, and near sunset I was at Weaver.

I now determined to sell my horses, for there was no pasturage, and hay was selling at fifteen cents a pound, and I had only five dollars left. I tried in a number of places, but could get no offer. At last I met a man who offered five dollars for one. I told him he might have both, with the saddles for forty dollars. Finally he gave me thirty dollars, and with my baggage beside the road and thirty-five dollars in my pocket I began to plan the rest of my journey.

Here began my hardest trials. I put my things in as small a compass as possible and undertook to carry them, but found I could not do it. I unpacked and carried a part of them to the nearest house, and sold and gave away what I could not manage, adding twenty-five cents to my funds. Then, with a small package, I started again, but found that my strength was weakness. I entered an old house and rested.

I was soon joined by old traveling acquaintances. My hands cramped and I felt strangely all over.

I could not sit still. I walked about, rubbing my hands and arms, for I could not pick up a pin nor handle a pen. The company wanted me to resume the journey with them, but they knew not just where they were going, and I was too nearly worn out to make an effort.

At last we decided to hire a teamster to carry our luggage as far as the Mormon tavern, which was about half-way to Sacramento City from which we were now about fifty miles distant. I put my little bundle of forty pounds weight in the wagon, and we set out in advance. One man paid his passage and rode and had charge of the luggage; the rest of the company walked.

January 15, 1851.

I have had no ink or the foregoing would have been half-way home by this time. To day I bought a bottle of ink for fifty cents, and five envelopes for as much more.

I still have some of the dried currants you gave me. I do not stew them but take a few in my mouth once or twice a week and find them very refreshing. Of the emigrants who came to California last spring and during the summer, thirteen hundred died and are buried at Placerville.

SACRAMENTO, February 12.

I have just learned that Mr. Thrall is in the city on his way home. I shall find him and send you three hundred dollars as a token of love. I do so want to see you and the little daughters! Do not borrow trouble, but write.

Thus have we followed this man of God across

the continent, preserving the details of almost every step of the way, discerning with him the guidance and protection of Providence through many perils, perplexities, and hardships, recognizing too, his patience, fortitude, and fertility of resources in the presence of mishaps and difficulties. The story is an artless one, and is therefore the more deserving of preservation and respect.

The remittance named in the last of his paragraphs is evidence that he found occupation as a preacher of the gospel, and that his services were sufficiently appreciated by those for whose good he labored to secure him recompense beyond the demands of his personal needs.

### XIII

#### IN CALIFORNIA

Feather River—Mining Methods—Perils of the Mountains—An Association Meeting in Sacramento—Labors among the Miners—Sickness and Home-sickness—Premonitions—Preaching—His Last Message—His Death and Burial—"Well Done, Good and Faithful Servant"

OUR traveler has now reached his field of labor. We shall swiftly trace, mainly through his correspondence, his movements and his work until the tragic end of his life came. It will clarify the narrative if the fact be borne in mind that his chosen, or rather heaven-appointed mission was to preach the gospel to the miners.

FEATHER RIVER, Feb. 24, 1851.

One hundred miles north of Sacramento City. I was never in better spirits. I have enjoyed unbroken peace of mind from the time I broke bread to the church in Missouri until I broke bread to the church in Sacramento.

There is no lack of opportunity to preach the gospel in this new country. Congregations are generally made up of men. Five women are the most I have seen at one time in a religious meeting, and that was in a bar-room in a town called Nicholas on the Sacramento River.

We are now tenting on the bank of Feather

River. The snow is reported eighteen feet deep in the mountains. Where we have been the winter has been much like pleasant weather in October or April in Michigan. The live oaks do not shed their leaves in the fall. There are other trees, like the redwood, that are never without green foliage.

It is the pleasantest climate I have ever enjoyed. We have no rain during the winter, and only a few showers in October. I do not remember to have seen a flake of snow all winter. Onions, turnips, cabbage, peas, and lettuce were several inches high in February. Farmers in the Sacramento Valley were plowing and sowing, and in some places barley was up and quite green on the eleventh. Grass has been so plentiful that stock has been in good condition all winter. There is a great variety of climate in this country: extreme heat in the valleys; temperate and agreeable on the mountain sides; perpetual snow and winter upon the highest summits. We are just high enough to have a pleasant atmosphere.

The following description of the primitive modes of mining operations in the rivers in those days will interest many. It is plain that the preacher was in touch with "the boys," and took a lively interest in their work, which doubtless explains in large measure his influence over them.

About the first of June the miners move to their claims, and climb up and down the mountains, getting out timber in a form that they call "string-

ers." They are from twenty-five to fifty feet long. They are laid upon stone or other timbers up and down the river. Then they get "ties," which are from ten to fifty feet long, according to the width of the flume. Ours is nine feet wide and five hundred feet long. It took about seven thousand feet of boards. After the flume is in, there are long "toms" and short ones. These are made of boards and sheet iron, the latter punched full of holes to let the water, gold, and dirt through. The coarse gravel is thrown out with a shovel, and in the "pan" in the bottom will be found from five hundred to one thousand dollars in gold particles. Yesterday the boys brought in two hundred and thirty dollars, to-day one hundred and sixty dollars. It is figured at sixteen dollars an ounce, but the pure article sells at seventeen dollars and twenty-five cents.

APRIL 13. We are now some sixty miles farther up the mountain than when on Feather River, on the H. cut. Snow melts about the last of June or the first of July. It is hardly safe to go up earlier. A company started recently, thinking they could get through. They encountered snow, but waded and tramped through drifts as high as their animals' backs. Then six or seven feet more fell, and their animals and stores were buried in the icy grave. The men got back after having lost everything. A few days ago a man was shot by the Indians. He will recover. Another was killed and badly mutilated. I treat all Indians in a friendly manner and seem to be a stranger to fear. I do not understand why, for I once was afraid of them.



JUNE 10. Mr. Fall, a merchant, gave me a free passage to Sacramento. Reaching here before sunset, I was made welcome at the home of Judge Edward J. Willis. I came to attend the Association.

It has come at last, dated March 31. I paid for it, looked at the handwriting and the postmark. Yes, it was a letter from home. I wept for joy, tempered with fear, for what might its contents be? I retired to an upper room and devoured the news, hungering for more. It is a great comfort to me; and the addition on the margin of the names of the little girls, written by their own hands in token of love for their absent father, is highly gratifying to my lonely heart. I am much gratified that you have succeeded so well with business affairs. My great anxiety is that the daughters grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Last Sunday I preached in the shade of an oak tree on the bank of the Uba River. In the evening I preached in the court-house.

I am on the eve of returning to the mountains. I have just come up from the river, to which place I went in company with Bros. Wheeler, Brierly, Grenell, Capen, and others, to shake hands in farewell and bid them God-speed.

The Association has closed its session, which was very interesting and harmonious. The ministers are all gone. I alone am left, and I go to Marysville by water at eleven o'clock to-morrow. I have been greatly refreshed by the meetings. I met Dr. Wadsworth, of Providence, Rhode Island. He remembered me.

Bro. Willis is a noble man. At present he is acting Judge of Sacramento County. He is a young man. He went down the river to-day to meet his wife and child, expecting them to arrive by steamer to-morrow. He has a very pleasant home awaiting them, and he has kindly invited me to make his house my home whenever I am in the city.

I may die in the mountains. I may be preserved. When you wish information concerning me, or any advice, address Hon. Edward J. Willis, Sacramento. And letters to me had better be addressed in his care. He is a deacon in the church, and a gentleman of high standing.

I wish you were all in this land. It seems to me the most delightful country in all the world.

The brethren of the Association wish me to labor in the city of Nevada, about seventy-five miles from Sacramento, but my work is not yet done among the miners in the mountains. I preach to them every Sunday, and labor during the week as I can.

JUNE 22. Sunday evening. I preached to-day to a large congregation of men. I was away fifteen days attending the Association and going and returning.

JULY 4. Last Sunday, under the pine and cedar trees, I had the largest congregation I ever had, and all were attentive to the word. Next Sunday I go ten miles to Natches, preach once and return.

I have just received your letters. I know you

are working "with hand and head." I am glad that you were able to meet the mortgage. That Mr. Cade came and offered you money is as great a surprise to me as it was to you. I shall always remember him with gratitude for it. But how you have been able to do so much without borrowing money I cannot understand. You say it is so, and of course I believe it. I shall never forget the friendship of some of our neighbors, who in the darkest time of our financial affairs have shown themselves ready to assist us, even to encumbering their own homes.

The Saviour says : " In this world ye shall have tribulation; but in me ye shall have peace." The time may come when we shall all meet again in this world. It may not. This we leave with my Father and your Father, my God and your God.

JULY 17. Attended a funeral to-day, and wrote a letter to the afflicted father and mother. Prospectors are coming down from the mountains, having spent everything and found nothing. They paid as much as six dollars a day for food, and in some places it could not be had for money.

OCTOBER 21. FORBES, BUTTE CO. Dear Elizabeth : To-day you enter upon a new year for the second time since I saw you. Time ! Oh, how it flies ! I have received your letter dated August 7. Postage, ten cents ; express charges up the mountain, one dollar and forty cents ; making the expense of it one dollar and fifty cents in all. I have read your letter over more than ten times, and I give thanks to God for mercies bestowed

upon you and the family. Make religion the first object of life. Let peace of mind be based upon the merits of Jesus Christ's atoning grace. Take good care of my daughters. Oh, how much I think of them and pray that they may be washed with the washing of regeneration and renewed with the renewing of the Holy Ghost! Pray for this, and pray for me. Peace abide with you.

OCTOBER 23. I have not been well for some days. When I am sick whose face do I long to look upon? Whose voice would be music to my ear? Whose presence would convert this lonely cabin into a palace? Whose? Elizabeth's! My dear, I hope you appreciate the blessings of society and friends. I do not know what is in the future for me or for you. One thing I wish: If the Lord will, I want to see that face and listen to that voice once again. May the will of the Lord be done with Gershom and with Elizabeth.

The reader cannot fail to be impressed by this time that Mr. Day had strong premonitions that he would never see his family again on earth. Though these apprehensions are veiled under general expressions as to the uncertainty of life, and though they are offset now and again by expressed anticipations of a happy reunion, they assert themselves so often and so strongly, and break out of a nature so uniformly sanguine and cheerful, it is plain that he had little expectation of surviving the perils of the mountains. How

well he measured the probabilities of the situation will be seen a few pages farther on.

OCTOBER 24. I am better. I have just preached under the shadow of a towering balsam. In the evening, as now, I am usually alone and thinking of home. We were married nineteen years ago to-day.

A few Sabbaths since, I had a most comforting season, speaking upon the words of Jesus to the weeping Mary. I hope my little Mary will think of those loving words.

Last Sunday I preached from the words: "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him" (Col. 2 : 6). On Monday I walked six miles before sunrise to meet a gentleman going to San Francisco, by whom I forwarded the letter to you, and was back home before breakfast. I am very solemnly impressed that the sun has set for the last time on my forty-eighth year.

My greatest earthly pleasure is in anticipation. What a day it will be to me if I should ever see you all again in health and love! I trust by the blessing of God your last days may be happy.

The confidence expressed in the last sentence above was fully realized, as in the sequel the reader will discover :

NOVEMBER 1. Your letter came to-day, dated April 19. It cost me two dollars; but it was a great bargain at that price, for I would not have sold it for twenty-five dollars. I most fully ap-

prove of all you have done and planned. You certainly have proved your ability to manage affairs.

It is very expensive living here. Flour is twelve dollars a hundred; forty-two pounds of potatoes cost six dollars and thirty cents; fourteen pounds of pork, two dollars and eighty cents; six pounds of onions, one dollar and eighty cents; two quarts of molasses, seventy-five cents.

NOVEMBER 2. I had a pleasant Sabbath and an interested congregation. Prayer is made for you every Sabbath and every day, as for others who are separated from those most dear. I am waiting anxiously for letters. I have an opportunity of sending to Sacramento by merchants and traders. It is not so expensive as getting letters by express. Letters are a great comfort to me in my voluntary exile. I wish I could be at home for a little visit. Home! What a word that is, and what visions it brings to mind!

NOVEMBER 31. This is the last day of autumn. I have read with profit this forenoon Psalms 95-121, inclusive, with several hymns upon the opening and closing of the year. I read your letter over again and thought much of home, "sweet home."

SUNDAY, Dec. 14. I attended the funeral of William Sherman, of Maine. He was shot eleven times and stabbed three times. Eccl. 9 : 11, 12 was the text, especially the last clause.

SUNDAY, Nov. 21. Preached another funeral

sermon on Job 33 : 24 : "I have found a ransom."

SUNDAY, Nov. 28. It has rained almost constantly for some days. We could not hold service out of doors, so I preached in a small house in town.

The small-pox is raging, also the scarlet fever. There have been several deaths. Nothing sobers the people save death. For wickedness California exceeds description. A God-fearing man in California is an isolated, lonely being.

Yesterday one of the men was in the rain hunting. His horses came running to him, and his dog was barking and crying. He ran to where the sound was, and a mountain lion was tearing the dog. He shot the lion and it ran a little way and fell.

JANUARY 4, 1852. . . I know not if it is God's will that I should see your faces any more, but may he whom we serve save us all in a covenant of everlasting love through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

I have no greater joy than in pointing men to Christ as the only Saviour. This work I love—I cannot say with my whole heart, because my love, like that of every earthly creature, is so interwoven with the things God has made, that my affections run in two channels, one direct to God, the other around and through the beings he has made it my duty to love.

FEBRUARY 1. I have just finished reading the

book of Proverbs, and am reading Montgomery's poems a second time. The following fits my case:

My eyes are all upon the scout,  
To see the lounging post-boy come  
With letters or with news from home.  
Believe me, 'tis your husband's word,  
Although the doctrine seems absurd,  
The paper messengers of friends  
For absence almost make amends.  
Now, if you think I jest or lie,  
Come to California and try.

The writer fails to say just where the quotation from Montgomery ends and his own composition begins. It is left to the judgment or knowledge of the reader to decide the point.

On account of small-pox I did not preach last Sunday nor to-day. Two deaths occurred last week. Others are sick. Dr. Conduit charges sixteen dollars a visit.

Dear ones at home, remember that you must one day die. May God prepare you for a heavenly world, so that if we should not meet again in this, we may be reunited in the kingdom of God above. Peace be with you. Farewell.

This was his last message to his family. On the thirteenth of February Mr. Day was surprised by Indians and killed. He was buried in Forbess-town, the funeral occurring on the Sunday and at the hour appointed for him to preach. Many came to the place expecting to listen to words from familiar living lips, who heard instead the mute



but powerful appeal of one who being dead, yet spoke to them.

The Rev. P. G. Ames conducted the burial service, speaking from the words in the ninetyeth Psalm, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Messrs. Thomas Schofield, of Barrington, Massachusetts, D. C. Norcross, of Farmington, Maine, and H. S. Horton, of Catskill, New York, procured a slab to mark the place of his burial, and erected a fence about the grave. It was nearly two months before the family learned of their bereavement.

Several of the Indians who perpetrated the crime were apprehended. All declared that they had no personal enmity against the man they had slain, only saying, by way of explanation, "Kill chief, have no more trouble with white man." Not knowing the language when they heard him preaching, they did not know that he was proclaiming the glad tidings of "Peace on earth."

And so this faithful man's life came to so tragic an ending in that far-off land. He who loved his home so well, yet made himself homeless for so long a time in obedience to convictions of duty, died among strangers and by violence. In him was the spirit of the holy martyrs. Earth gives him the noble meed of "Died on the field of honor," and heaven its higher commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

## XIV

### A SERENE OLD AGE

Mrs. Day—Extracts from her Recorded Words—Her “Reminiscences”—Shadows Without Gloom—Response to the “Roll Call”—Words of Cheer—A Beautiful Sunset

WE must not close these annals without referring again to the faithful and efficient helpmeet whose manifold, ingenious, and successful labors have awakened our admiration.

Mrs. Day survived her husband almost forty years. Her life followed the direction we have seen it take, and was to the last a ministry of self-sacrifice for church, family, and friends.

Age stole softly, almost imperceptibly, upon her, gradually diminishing the activities of the body but leaving the mind alert. While she was interested in all the affairs of life about her, religion and the great verities connected with religion were almost paramount.

Record was kept of her sayings. Some selected extracts will serve to disclose her amiable disposition as well as the vigorous action of her mind in her latest years :

OCTOBER 18, 1885. This morning we were

speaking of the antiquity of secret organizations. Mother remarked: "The Masons are the oldest, I think, and I always liked them because they honor the Bible."

One remarked: "No one is so bad but he may be a Mason."

"It wasn't so when I was young," she said. "If a man was an unbeliever he could not belong to the order. I have often heard my father say that to be a Mason a man must subscribe to these words:

Great Architect divine,  
Whose voice all worlds obey,  
Whose power and glory shine  
Throughout the realms of day,  
Thou art our God, and thou our Guide,  
In thee we trust, in thee confide.

The foregoing is a revelation of the clearness of her memory, calling up at will the old rhyme which had impressed her young mind. Following is an extract which shows her reminiscent and speculative turn:

MAY 19, 1886. She remarked: "It is strange that notwithstanding I am almost eighty years old, life seems very pleasant. I once thought that at eighty, or before, I would reach the point where I would be more than willing to die. People sing, 'I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,' but I have never seen the time when I wished to go just then. I like to be with you; and then it seems dreary to think of this poor body being left alone in the cold. I sometimes find myself hold-

ing up my hand as if to ward off the snows that will blow over me. I know all this is foolish, for the body after death is nothing.

"Death is often spoken of as the glad fruition of our desires. I have always hoped your father found it so. His was such a toilsome and weary life, it would be a great comfort to know that he realizes that much he prayed for is accomplished.

"Yes, I wish I knew. And I wish I might come back and tell you how it is after I get there. But we will go together hand in hand to the last breath, then our ways will separate and you will be left alone."

"Perhaps you will come in my dreams, mother."

"But you will never know. My mother and I talked of these things as you and I are doing now. She left me, and I never knew if she returned. I have often risen in the night and looked out upon the still world asleep, wishing I might see a dim outline, or hear a spirit-whisper ; but there was no revelation. There seem to be intuitions at times which are very real. It was so with your little brother Joseph, only ten months old when he died. He seemed to understand far beyond what would be expected of one of his age. When he was near death he saw tears in my eyes and, putting up his little cold hands, he caressed my face, saying, 'Poor mamma ! Poor mamma !' I always say 'little' Joseph, and yet, as we reckon time, he is almost fifty years old now."

"But mother, is it not pleasant to think that your mother, little Joseph, and father are together waiting to welcome you, just as we would stand in the door and wait for some one we love?"

"Yes, those are comforting thoughts; and although there is much we cannot know, some things are certain. The promises of the Lord are always sure. 'In my Father's house are many mansions. . . I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go. . . I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.' It will be pleasant when we are all gathered in a home never to part again."

The following extracts are from a sketch written by Mrs. Day at request of the St. Joseph Valley Baptist Association in June, 1888. When it is remembered that she was at that time eighty-two years of age, the clearness and pithiness of her writing will be reckoned the more remarkable.

#### REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The writer became identified with Christian work in Michigan a decade before the era of railroads in this State, when quinine was first on the bill of fare and bread second, when Michigan had no financial credit, when it was necessary to despatch a messenger from Sturgis to Detroit for medicine, in small quantities—for money was as scarce as ague was plenty.

At that time the St. Joseph River Association was but four years old—the Constantine Church and the Association both having been organized in 1832. The churches of Coldwater and Edwardsburg were one year old, having been organized in 1835. Constantine in the St. Joseph Valley Association, Coldwater in the Hillsdale, and

Edwardsburg in the St. Joseph River, are the only churches in these three Associations which were then organized and have had, under the same name, continuous existence since.

The extent of the Association, and as it remained for many years, is described in a letter written by Elder Day, July 3, 1843, in reply to one from the New York City Bible Society. Part of it reads:

“Yours of the 6th of June came to hand on Saturday evening last. I perused it with a grateful heart. The undersigned is the secretary of a Bible Committee appointed by the Michigan Baptist State Convention two years ago. He is also chairman of a committee appointed by the St. Joseph River Baptist Association to obtain a supply of tracts and a quantity of the ‘Baptist Register and Almanac.’ At our last session this committee was instructed to procure Bibles, and deposit them in Centerville for the benefit of the churches. We have secured about seven thousand tracts from the depository in Detroit, eight copies of the Bible, and a few Sabbath-school books.

“Our Association includes the counties of Branch, St. Joseph, Cass, Berrien (on Lake Michigan), and Van Buren, also on the lake and north of Berrien and Cass. The distance east and west is about one hundred miles, and north and south on the lake about seventy miles. Last year we did not obtain from any quarter a single Bible for distribution in the State of Michigan. If the New York Bible Society deem it a privilege to forward Bibles to be disposed of, either through

the executive committee of the Michigan Baptist State Convention or through the Association committee, I am sure it would receive grateful thanks. . . The safest and most economical way of forwarding is by the Lake Boat Line, H. W. Sage & Co., New York; Kinnee, Davis & Co., Buffalo; Whaler & Porter, St. Joseph; Griffin & Clark, Niles, Berrien County, Michigan.

“GERSHOM B. DAY.

*“To Thos. T. Devan.”*

The letter from New York was nearly a month in reaching its destination. The direction for shipping is also striking. All merchandise to Niles and vicinity from the East came by the way of the lakes from Buffalo, around through the straits of Mackinac to the mouth of the St. Joseph River, whence smaller boats conveyed it inland.

Freighting on the river gave temporary impetus to towns in certain localities which subsequent developments failed to maintain. With the building of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad some towns were more fully established and others suffered loss. The experience of the churches was the same: some went down, losing name and history, or were incorporated with other organizations. Among the churches lost were Branch, Mottville, and Flowerfield.

Of all churches in the Association at this date none had fairer prospects than Mottville. So certain was the late John R. Williams, of Detroit, that this place would become the metropolis of southwestern Michigan, situated as it was on the

river, with boats running regularly to connect with the through stage from Detroit, that he purchased a large tract of land and held it for some time at the nominal price of three thousand dollars. Later he refused an offer of six thousand dollars, and later still the bubble burst, and the entire property was sold for taxes. Farms that were purchased for sixty-six dollars an acre were sold for six dollars or left unsold, their owners deserting them and returning to the East. Money it was almost impossible to get, and when it was secured, that taken at night might be reported worthless in the morning, such was the insecurity of the issues of what were known as the "wild-cat" banks. Those too poor to get away were often driven to desperation by losses. Sickness was in every house, and death in many, and children were often crying for bread. The church in Mottville bore its full share in these trials, and although crippled, it lived some years, but finally succumbed. Its house of worship was sold more than twenty years ago.

Reminiscences of this kind may seem too sad to be repeated, but they ought not to be forgotten, for they were the real experience of fathers and mothers whose graves are found in many a rural cemetery. And even this dark picture had its bright side, for those trying times developed friendships and bonds of union as enduring as life. The narration of Christian experience, and how God had helped when all else failed, constituted no small part of the interest in our early Associational gatherings.

Dear brethren and sisters of the Association,



some are present with whom the writer has taken sweet counsel and been identified in labor in other years. Even their names are dear to me. Their smiles, their tears, their kindnesses all rise before my mental vision, and I find myself saying, "God bless them every one, and may the sunset of their day of life be bright and cloudless."

Sons and daughters of the fathers, my young brothers and sisters, love one another and so fulfill the law of Christ. Do not undervalue one another's labors, but be ye helpers one of another, walking humbly with God, loving righteousness; and when your heart and flesh fail may you find in God your everlasting portion.

As a parting message, I repeat to you the divine Commission, which has been the inspiration of ages past, and will be of ages yet to come: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." And he who has been with the fathers in the past will also be "with you even unto the end of the world."

In this, my eighty-second year, I sit in the twilight, knowing the message will come for me very soon.

So I am watching quietly,  
Every day.  
Whene'er the sun shines brightly  
I rise and say,  
"Surely it is the shining of his face" ;  
And I look unto the gates of his high place,  
For I know he is coming shortly  
To summon me.  
And when a shadow falls across the window  
Of my room,  
Where I am working my appointed task,  
I lift my heart to watch the door and ask

If he is come?  
And the angel answers sweetly  
In my home,  
"Only a few more shadows,  
And he will come."

ELIZABETH B. DAY.

AUGUST 3, 1888. We were sitting in the twilight. Mother said: "I feel badly a great deal nowadays. I do not always tell you, for it would only make you sad. Nothing can be done. I am almost worn out, and the doctor's skill cannot make the old body young again. These words are in my mind every day:

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
Let me languish into life.  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?  
The world recedes, it disappears;  
Heaven opens on my eyes. My ears  
With sounds seraphic ring.  
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly!  
O grave, where is thy victory?  
O death, where is thy sting?

FRIDAY EVENING. I was sick, tired, and discouraged. Mother tried to comfort me. "Remember," she said, "though I walk through the deep waters, they shall not overflow."

"Yes," I said, "in a sense that is true; but it does not mean that persons will find comfort in this life, or will realize their hopes. Ridley and Latimer rejoiced in God; but they went down to death as martyrs just the same. They doubtless

wished to live, and had hopes and ambitions unfulfilled, just as we have."

"We cannot know how it was with them," said mother; "but I have no doubt they were upheld by God's grace in all their trials. He has always answered my prayers, and he will answer yours, if you will trust and patiently wait."

The next morning she came to my room at day-dawn and kissed me, as was her custom. "Here I am again," she said. "I shall come to say good morning as long as I can, but you must not be surprised at any time if I do not come. Of course, I cannot expect to stay with you long."

"Oh, I hope you will," said I.

"I shall be sorry to leave you, and to think that you will have no one to take care of you when you are old, but I want you to live many years and do a great deal of good; but when it is all done, won't I be glad to see her coming?"

When I came from the office at the close of the day, mother met me at the door and smiling, said:

"Good evening, brother pilgrim; what, marching to Zion?

What fears and what dangers have you met to-day?

Are your doubts subsiding, are your joys increasing?

Press forward, my brother, and make no delay.

"That's what I want you to do."

MRS. DAY'S RESPONSE TO THE ROLL-CALL OF THE  
STURGIS BAPTIST CHURCH, MAY 23, 1891.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS: In imagination I hear the roll-call of '36 and '40, when only ten or twelve names composed the list. There is no response now until my name is reached:

"Elizabeth B. Day."

"Present."

Although you do not see me, I am with you in spirit, and have often been, as from month to month you have gathered for nearly fifty-five years.

I too will hold a roll-call meeting on the afternoon of May 23. I shall listen to voices long hushed, and feel the clasp of vanished hands—voices, which, were they here, would be weak and faint, but are now sweet and strong. Untouched by disease, unenfeebled by age, they now join in the glorious song of the redeemed.

The "roll-call" was a feature of our gatherings when the church was young. The response was followed by testimony in respect to the way the Lord had led them. Among those ever faithful were Crossman, Ellis, Raymond, Leighton, Drake, and a little later, Wren, Petty, Bresee, Ransom, Rice, Newhall, Langrick, Wressell—names that bring to mind precious memories of religion exemplified by godly living. Three of these are with you still. None of us laid claim to worldly wisdom; but we believed God, and found comfort in his word.

We were all poor. There was little time for social enjoyment outside of Sunday services and prayer and covenant meetings. We had our trials and perplexities then. There was sin to overcome and temptations to shun; but our trials were not because of card parties, theatres, and operas. Busy days made rest and repose sweet at night.

It seems but yesterday that upon the last Saturday of the month all work ceased at noon.

Farmers from the outlying districts, some with ox teams, others on foot, were seen wending their way to town to attend covenant meeting, exchange greetings, and afterward trade a few eggs or a little butter or garden produce for household necessities.

I am the more impressed with this habit of those early times because all were poor and were working early and late to pay for their homes or little farms. Time was therefore valuable. There was corn to plant, corn to hoe ; wheat to sow and wheat to harvest ; hay to cut and hay to protect from rain ; but the brethren and sisters planned to be faithful to their church vows, and they lost nothing by it.

Still more am I impressed by the contrast between those early days and the custom now. In these latter days I observe persons worth their thousands, their homes paid for, their families supplied with every necessity, excusing themselves from church appointments for lack of time. In fact, in the city where I now live the old-fashioned covenant meeting is a thing of the past. It occurs in name once a month, but it is held in the evening, taking the place for the time of the regular prayer meeting. It is such a busy, bustling world, that to give a Saturday afternoon once a month seems a hardship.

Then again I am reminded of the sacrifices we made to support the church. It was our first thought after caring for our families. And this did not mean luxury. All were clothed in homespun and homemade garments. I often think how many young and feeble churches in the far West might be supported by the money

that Christian people spend in the way of useless apparel and amusement.

I would not find fault because Christians now have so many attractive pleasures. Times have changed. With prosperity come leisure and opportunities for enjoyment unknown in an early day; but now, as then and always, the church and its interests should be first.

Dear brethren and sisters, may prosperity attend you in all your ways and the God of peace abide with you. At your seasons of roll-call faces and names will change. Familiar ones will disappear, new ones will take their places; pastors and people will come and will go; but the church of the living God will abide.

May you be strong in the truth, upright and exemplary, a power for good in the present and in the generations to come, is the prayer of

ELIZABETH B. DAY.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1891. When I came from the office mother met me with emotion and said: "I did not feel well to-day, and I have been keeping this birthday present for you. But I thought, What if I should not be here at that time? So I am going to give it to you now. You won't care? You will remember it as mother's birthday present, just the same. Don't feel badly. We have been together many, many happy years. The Lord is good!"

SUNDAY, DEC. 6. Slight symptoms of influenza appeared, and although prompt measures were taken, mother gradually failed.

One evening she said : " Remember,

" In sorrow or trouble, whate'er may betide,  
The Scriptures assure us the Lord will provide.

He will provide for our physical wants, he will provide for the wants of the soul."

As darkness came on, she repeated five verses of the hymn beginning,

The day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear ;  
Oh, may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near.

It was her pleasure to converse, but the doctor's injunction was, " Perfect quiet." Hence the usual familiar intercourse was in great measure suspended. Nevertheless, on the Wednesday morning preceding her departure she looked up and, smiling, said :

" So I must give it all up."

" Give what up, mother ?"

" Oh, going about with you and looking after things."

" You have been active and useful so many years," I replied, cheerily, " it is time you played the lady and let some one else look after things."

" I should not have been happy had I not thought I was useful. To look forward eighty years seems a great while, but now that they are past the time seems very short."

Later she said : " You may put away those gowns that are on the sewing machine."

" They are not in the way," said I, " and you will want to finish them when you feel better."

"They are all done. I finished them one day when you were out, since I was taken sick. When you wear them you will always think of mother and her last work."

DECEMBER 26. During the day, while her eyes were closed, we caught words of prayer as her lips slightly moved—"Forgive—comfort—save—for Jesus' sake: Amen."

At two o'clock Sunday morning she looked up inquiringly and said: "Why, I thought you had gone to bed. Do go; I shall not need anything."

A little after she smiled upon her daughter, who was holding her in her arms, and said, "Precious one, how kind you are. I love her so."

Then, after looking around on each member of the family, she fell asleep.

Funeral services, conducted by Drs. C. R. Henderson and Z. Grenell, were held in Detroit on Monday evening, Dec. 28, 1891, and at the Baptist Church in Sturgis on Tuesday afternoon, a great concourse of friends following the remains to their last resting-place.

Was it not a beautiful life? Rich in all the elements of the truest moral heroism—so devoted, so courageous, so strong, so versatile, so busy, so fruitful in all good—and coming to its earthly end with the serenity of an autumn sunset, peaceful rather than brilliant, and leaving a soft after-glow lingering until it seemed to blossom into stars.



## AN AFTER-GLANCE

MY interest in this story is first of all direct and personal. When I first met Mrs. Day she was already old and had long been a widow. I visited her as her pastor, and received far more than I imparted. The battle for her was over. The victory was won. She smilingly accepted her triumph and ascribed all to the goodness of God. The new world she had helped to make so happy and beautiful was not altogether clear to her. Her own achievements surprised her. But she was not hostile to the new social conditions; there was no worry, grudge, or bitterness. She was too large and kind for that. The modern society had disturbed the New England ideals with factors imported from France, Germany, and elsewhere—ideas, customs, and manners which made her think of Bunyan's Vanity Fair. She had no need of them, but if they pleased the children, well. The Heavenly Father likes to have many colors and kinds of children. So they do not hate each other and hurt each other they may be doing well. Thus she looked out upon the

beautiful half-circle of Grand Circus Park and dreamed of a fairer paradise than this world knows.

She loved life. Not that she clung desperately to any earthly object. Life and love were gifts of God and partook of his goodness. Thus she lived gratefully and died peacefully—to live on forever. Her healthful, hopeful, tenacious hold of life was presage of immortality.

But the story of these letters is a revelation of the roots of the noble tree. Here is a typical family worthy of Carlyle's pen. We are walking on solid earth. God is as truly here as he was with Adam and Enoch. These people walk with God and talk with him. This living on potatoes and salt in order to get an education is precisely what the poet means by "plain living and high thinking"; this keeping account of every cent borrowed from the Education Society with an evident intention that it shall be repaid out of the earliest honest earnings; this acceptance of the first offered work without an ambitious sigh of reluctant regret and a side glance of longing for a field with a large salary and creature comforts; this marrying of a strong, healthy, and sensible girl, who is capable of spiritual enthusiasm and yet knows how to sew, make stocks for market, and rip up a coat to discover the tailor's art and pattern therein—this is sublime "realism."

Would to God we had more such realism in art and in life.

Then gaze upon these pictures, true as photographs, of the pioneer life. It is at once a religious poem and hard economic fact, without a hint of incongruity or contradiction. To be sure, the good man, intent on church finances, forgets that he owes a note of eighty dollars, but he is certain that his wife never forgets. They are not avaricious. You can tell that by their lavish gifts and sacrifices. But they do not neglect the opportunity to enter acres of good soil and get a title to acres of territory. They have seen that God is not done with this world yet, and therefore his people should till it and keep it. They love life because they love each other, and are sound, vigorous, and strong.

There are items for the economist, the jurist, the sociologist, faithfully set down: the price of wheat, the state of transportation and communication, the social customs and ruling sentiments, the governing ideals as well as the natural environment. Filial piety, in printing these letters without needless comment, performs a social service of no mean value. No fact is trifling which helps to account for such worthy lives and to make us understand our debt to the past. Thus Lincoln lived, farther south, but in similar malaria-laden forests, a sad, humorous man who

felt the gloom of the present and the joy of the future. Lincoln was a typical man. So was Elder Day. Elizabeth Day was a typical Western mother. The intellectual outlook was not so narrow. There was no chance for fine scholarship, but there was the inspiration of great ideals. Souls cannot be small who dream out earthly and heavenly empires and then proceed to embody their dreams in orderly and progressive institutions. Kalamazoo College was born of the divine discontent with the first boundaries of frontier existence. People who are soured by envy cannot co-operate, they can only criticise; but people who see God's offer to give them a better living if they will work for it and accept it, remake the world.

Such people do not believe that even climate determines character or fortune. A cold night in a belated spring threatens to kill her peaches. Other people bend to fate. This woman builds a fire and kills the frost. She alone has peaches and they bring "a goodly sum." Man's will counts for something in this law-governed universe. In the same spirit the pastor's calling makes even a canal boat a place of worship. He does good as he has opportunity, and to such a man doors open at every corner. On one page we read, "the woman whose wrist is lame has learned to sew with her left hand," and "the church is dedicated"—a very close connection between these

facts. He can ask his neighbor to forgive him for "speaking short." A wealth of tender manhood is under this stern Calvinistic exterior.

But one must read all. Here is a segment of a divine curve, a chord of a noble hymn to God's praise. Let the children of this age read and admire. Thus will they learn to battle and to hope.

C. R. HENDERSON.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Jan. 1, 1895.















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